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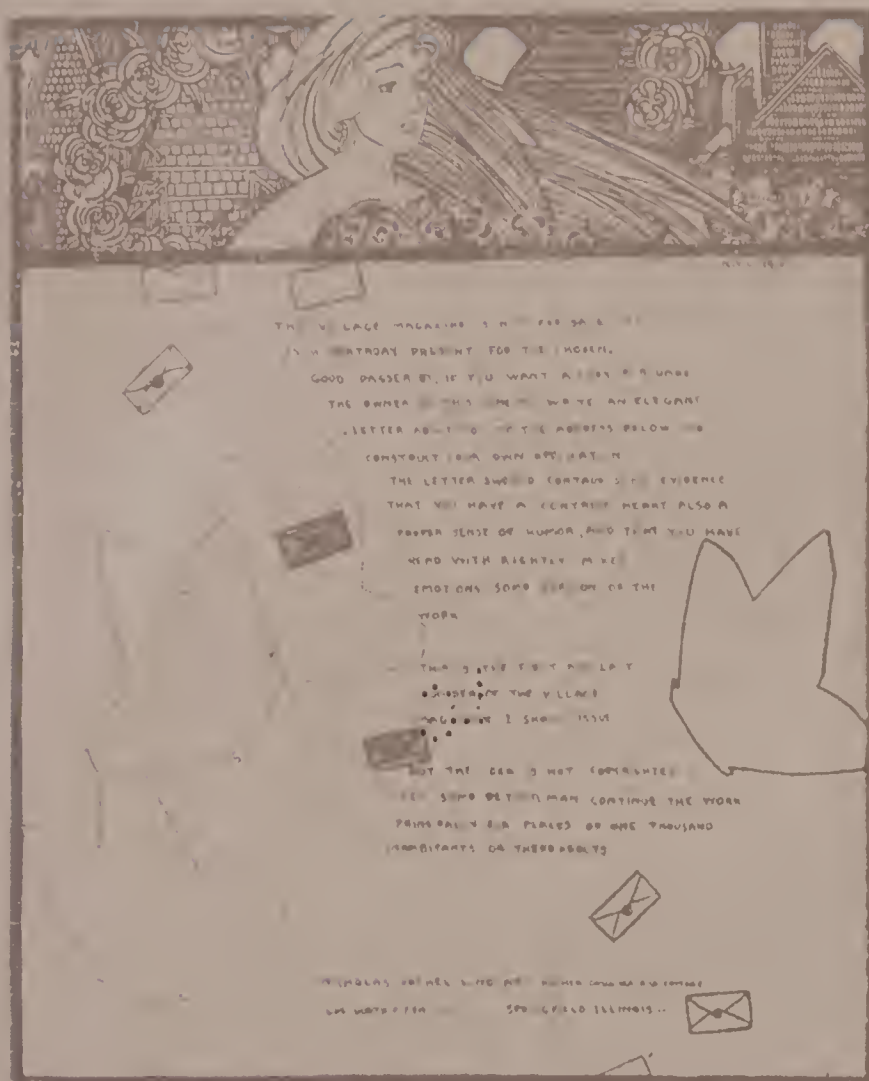
THE  
VILLAGE  
MAGAZINE

1912

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TO BEGIN WE MUST LEARN TO SMILE

CIVIL STREET ARE BETTER THAN GOLD

GREEN PARKS ARE BETTER THAN GOLD

BAD PUBLIC TASTE IS MOB LAW TASTE

GOOD PUBLIC TASTE IS DEMOCRACY TASTE

THE VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT PARADE. SECTION I.




NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

NICHOLAS  
YAKHEL 1910.  
LINDAY



## ON CONVERSION.



IN PROTRACTED MEETING THE BURDEN OF A CERTAIN KIND OF SIN ROLLS OFF THE SHOULDERS AS IT DID IN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, WHEN CHRISTIAN KNELT AT THE CROSS. PRICELESS ELSTACY OFTEN COMES DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS. I HAVE GONE THROUGH THIS CONVULSION, AS HAVE MANY OF MY FRIENDS, AND IT COUNTS AS A MILESTONE ON THE JOURNEY. BUT THERE ARE OTHER CONVERSIONS, AND OTHER KINDS OF SIN TO BE RID OF. THE PILGRIMAGE TO COMPLETE CIVILIZATION IS A LONG ONE. IN AMERICA THE REPENTANCE THE CHRISTIAN MOST NEEDS IS LEAST MENTIONED IN HIS HOUR OF PRAYER. IF HE WOULD TRULY BE RECONCILED TO GOD HE MUST BE RID OF HIS SINS AGAINST LOVELINESS.  VILLAGES AS A WHOLE ARE THUS CONVERTED, WHEN THEY GO DRY. CHURCH BELLS ARE RUNG, THE CHILDREN MARCH, THE WOMEN PRAY. THE BOOZERS ARE BLACK WITH WRAATH. BUT THE PLACE IS INEVITABLY CONVERTED FROM THE STUPIDITY AND UGLINESS OF THE SALOON. THE CITIZENS WOULD STARE IF YOU TOLD THEM THEY HAD  BEEN CONVERTED TO THE GOD OF BEAUTY, YET THEY HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST GREAT STEP IN HIS PRAISE.  THE PARSONAGES ARE REPAINTED, MORE CHILDREN'S SHOES ARE SOLD BY THE STORE AROUND THE CORNER, THE FOURTH OF JULY PROCESSION IS NEARER TO A PAGEANT. THERE IS INCREASING OF LAUGHTER IN THE FIELDS, LESS HEARTBREAK IN THE DARK. THE VILLAGE BELLES BECOME SACRED VESTALS. MORE GOOD HATS AND DRESSES ARE SEEN, MORE FLOWER GARDENS ARE PLANTED. NO MAN HAS READ SHELLEY'S HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY. NO MAN HAS PURCHASED A HISTORY OF PAINTING, A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE, A TEXT BOOK ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING OR VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT. YET INSTINCTIVELY THEY BUILD THEIR ALTARS TO THE UNKNOWN GOD, THE RADIANT ONE, HE WHOM IGNORANTLY THEY WORSHIP SHOULD BE DECLARED UNTO THEM IN HIS FULLNESS.





# AN EDITORIAL ON THE HOLINESS OF BEAUTY FOR THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

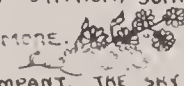
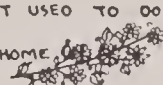



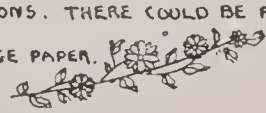
SOME MEN THINK WHEN THEY HAVE SAID "CONSIDER THE LILIES" THEY HAVE USED THE ONLY PROOF-TEXT THAT WILL ESTABLISH THE RIGHTS OF THE AESTHETIC IN THEOLOGY. THAT TEXT THEY TAKE IN A WEAK WAY. THE REASON CAN BE FOUND BY STUDYING THEIR PARLORS, WHERE THE IDEA OF THAT WHICH IS FINE HAS NEVER STEPPED BEYOND SOME SUGARY EASTER-CARD. THEY ARE IGNORANT OF THE RAINBOW COLOR, THE DIGNITY, THE SCULPTURAL LINE, OF THE BOOK. THE GOSPELS BEGIN WITH THE HEAVENLY HOSTS SINGING OF GLORY, WITH THE MAGNIFICAT OF MARY. WITH THE GOLD FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH OF THE WISE, AND END WITH A BLAZE OF RESURRECTION LIGHT. THERE IS HARDLY A PARABLE BUT IS PASSIONATE WITH THAT ADORATION OF NATURE WHICH IS THE BEGINNING OF ART.

"BEHOLD A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW." "I AM THE VINE AND YE ARE THE BRANCHES." SUCH PHRASES BUILD CATHEDRALS WHY SHOULD NOT THE BIBLE MAKE YOUR VILLAGE OF HEAVENLY ASPECT, AS IT HAS MANY AN OLD-WORLD TOWN? REMEMBER THE ROMANESQUE AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTS, AND REPENT. TAKE UP THE WORN BOOK FOR THIS EVENING CONSIDERING ONLY THOSE THINGS WHICH MAKE FOR THE PECULIAR FULLNESS OF LIFE WHICH IS THE GOAL OF ART. SEE HOW DRY OR PUZZLING TEXTS TAKE ON POWER. CONSIDER ADAM. THE PARK ARCHITECT. CONSIDER THE TENDERNESS, INNOCENCE AND WILDNESS OF EDEN IN ITS FIRST ESTATE, WHICH ALL CHRISTIAN SWEETHEARTS DREAM THEY CAN RESTORE. CONSIDER MAN, MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD, IN THE BEGINNING A CREATOR OF STAR-WORLDS OF HIS OWN, AND THE FALL OF MAN BUT A TURNING OF THE BACK UPON LOVELINESS, AND A CHOOSING TO DISOBEY THE SPIRIT THAT YET WALKS IN QUIET GARDENS IN THE COOL OF THE DAY. CONSIDER MOSES, THE ANGELO OF STATESMANSHIP, THE INSPIRED SCULPTOR OF THE LAWS. CONSIDER THAT THE DECALOGUE GIVES THE GENTLE BUDS OF HUMAN NATURE A CHANCE TO BLOOM, SHELTERED FROM LUST AND COVETOUSNESS AND DEATH. IT IS THE INTENT OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS THAT ALL LOVABLE THINGS SHALL BE NURTURED TO DELIGHT OUR EYES, WITH THE PRESENCE AMONG THEM OF WHICH NO IMAGE DARE BE MADE, ON WHICH NO LIMITATION CAN BE SET. THE SABBATH IS NOT A PERIOD OF DEADLY INERTIA, BUT OF ARTISTIC INCUBATION, THE TIME WHEN DEITY AND MAN PONDER SOME NEW WORLD-DREAM. CONSIDER LEVITICUS AND NUMBERS CHAMPION A MINISTRY, A PECULIAR PRIESTHOOD, IN WHICH PUBLIC HEALTH, NATIONAL RITUAL AND CLEANLINESS ARE ALL BOUND TOGETHER, TO SECURE FOR THE NATION BOTH HOLINESS AND SPLENDOR. WHAT IS THE SONG OF SONGS BUT THE CRY OF THE LOVER OF GOD-CONSECRATED BEAUTY? THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES IS BY AN OMAR KHAYYAM AS STATELY AS THE PERSIAN, IN THE END MORE DEVOUT, GIVING THE FINAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE ROSE AND THE VINE, AN EXHORTATION TO CONSECRATE THE DEAR GLORY OF YOUTH IN ITS BEGINNING "REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH." CONSIDER DAVID HARPER, SHEPHERD. RUDDY AND OF A FAIR COUNTEenance. HE WAS INDEED FROM THE VILLAGE OF BETHLEHEM, YET THERE HE BEGAN THE WRITING OF PSALMS MORE GORGEOUS THAN THE CHURCH-PICTURES OF VENICE, AND EXPRESSING IN ANOTHER MEDIUM, THE SAME PURPOSE: TO WORSHIP THE LORD WITH GLORIOUS WORKS OF ART. LEST I SHOULD BE SUSPECTED OF WRITING A COMMENTARY, I GO NO FURTHER. THEOLOGY IS NOT MY SPECIALTY. AND I HOPE I HAVE NOT INTERFERED WITH THE THEOLOGY OF ANY PARSONAGE. I HOPE EACH PASTOR WILL SEARCH THIS MATTER TO THE END IN HIS OWN WAY, TILL, IN THE END HE HAS ST. JOHN'S VISION OF THE SPLENDORS OF THE NEW EARTH. MEANWHILE, SINCE YOUR VILLAGE IS LOVELY, MAKE IT TRANSCENDENTLY SO, FOR THE GLORY OF THE LORD.



## AN EDITORIAL FOR THE WISE MAN IN THE METROPOLIS CONCERNING THE HUMBLE AGRICULTURAL VILLAGE IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS.

"SCENE I A DESERT PLACE ENTER THREE WITCHES." THUS MANY PEOPLE WOULD BEGIN IF THEY EXPRESSED THEIR FEELINGS ABOUT THE VILLAGE TO WHICH THEY HAVE NOT RETURNED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. AND SO CERTAIN SMOKE SMOTHERED SUBURBS OF THE METROPOLIS COULD BE DESCRIBED BUT IF ANY HAVE THE NOTION THAT THE ILLINOIS AGRICULTURAL TOWN IS TODAY A TOBACCO-SOAKED RAILWAY STATION, SURROUNDED BY "GENERAL" STORES, THEY ARE TO BE IMMEDIATELY SURPRISED THE BLASTED MEATH IS NO MORE.  WE WILL LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW IN SOME REGION WHERE CORN, WHEAT AND SUNSHINE ARE RAMPANT. THE SKY-LINE OF THE SHOPS A FEW RODS AWAY, IS JAGGED AS OF OLD BUT IF WE GET OFF THE TRAIN AND GO CLOSE, WE NOTE THAT THEY NO LONGER HAVE RICKETY PORCHES WITH LDOSE BOARDS AND NAILS. THEY HAVE CEMENT STEPS AND PLATFORMS. THE WINDOW DISPLAYS ARE PRETTY GOOD. WITHIN WE FIND ALL NEATLY KEPT, WITH THE SAME SORT OF GOODS AS THE SAME SIZED TRADING PLACES ON ONE OF THE ARTERIES OF CHICAGO THE OLD "GENERAL" EMPORIUMS, THE JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND A.B FROST TYPE, LINGER ALONG THE STREET, BUT ARE GOING SOON. MOST PLACES HAVE EXPANDED INTO SHINING LITTLE DEPARTMENT STORES, OR HAVE SEPARATED INTO THE HARNESS SHOP, THE OAY GOODS HOUSE, THE CONFECTIONERY, AND THE LIKE. CHEWING TOBACCO IS STILL FOR SALE, BUT RURAL FREE DELIVERY HAS DISBANDED THE CENTRAL CUSPIODOR CLUB THAT USED TO TARNISH YESTERDAY'S POST OFFICE. GOSSIP ITSELF IS ON A LARGER BASIS, BECAUSE OF THE COUNTRY TELEPHONE, A PECULIAR DEVICE, DIFFERING FROM THE TOWN TELEPHONE IN THAT ALL THE NEIGHBORS CAN TALK TO EACH OTHER AT ONCE. IN THE EVENING EVERYONE TAKES DOWN THE RECEIVER. THE CONVERSATION GOES ROUND THE CIRCLE, AS IT USED TO DO AT THE POST-OFFICE STORE, BUT THE GROUP IS LARGER, AND THE LADIES JOIN IN THE LOAFING IS DONE AT HOME.  THE MOST FASTIDIOUS CUSTOMERS USE THEIR AUTOMOBILES FOR QUICK SHOPPING, AND CAN GET TO THE BIG TOWN, ALMOST AS READILY AS TO THE VILLAGE. THE LOCAL MERCHANT SPRUCES UP TO KEEP THEIR TRADE, AND WELCOMES THE TRAVELLING SALESMEN OF THE BEST HOUSES, WHO HAUNT THE EASTWHILE SLEEPY HOTEL. IN THE DRUG STORE WINDOW IS JUST THE SAME HIGH PILE OF THE LATEST COLLIERIES, MCALURES, THE AMERICAN, EVERYBODY'S, SUCCESS, LIFE, THE OUTLOOK AND THE REST THAT YOU FIND AROUND THE CORNER IN LOS ANGELES OR SAN FRANCISCO, TAMPA OR NEW YORK.  WE CANNOT WALK DOWN THIS ROW OF BUILDINGS WITHOUT PASSING A NEWSPAPER OFFICE. WHEN THE RURAL EDITOR ASSERTS HIMSELF, AS IN THE ILLINOIS FREE PRESS, PUBLISHED AT LITCHFIELD, OR THE FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT PUBLISHED AT LEWISTOWN, HE IS INDEED A JOY. IF WE BEG AN ARMLoad OF COUNTRY EXCHANGES, TAKE THEM TO THE HOTEL AND CLIP THEM FOR UNIQUE PASSAGES, WE WILL BE EXHILERATED AND INSTRUCT-ED. A GREAT PART OF THE LOCAL NEWS IS CHURCH NEWS THERE IS TOO MUCH OF THIS TO CLIP ANY OF IT. BUT IF WE SEEK OUT INTERESTING BITS OF GOSSIP, PHILOSOPHY, AND INDICATIONS OF CIVIC PATRIOTISM WE WILL HAVE SOME SUCH A COLLECTION AS FOLLOWS. SOME OF THE CLIPPINGS WILL THROW DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF THEORIES WHICH I SHALL AIR AFTERVARO, BUT AS NEWMAN HAS SAID "TEN THOUSAND DIFFICULTIES DO NOT MAKE ONE DOUBT."

THE COLLECTION WAS MADE MAINLY LAST APRIL WITH A FEW LATER ADDITIONS. THERE COULD BE FOUND FEW BETTER INTRODUCTIONS TO THE OUTER COURT OF THE VILLAGE, THAN THE VILLAGE PAPER. 



## THE BAYLIS GUIDE.

Philander Chaney, of New Salem, made his second delivery of Stark fruit trees at Baylis Friday and Saturday. The customers seemed well pleased and there were several extra trees with each order, even small orders. The Stark Nursery, of which he is agent, has some very choice varieties—not common—such as, of apples, Delicious, King David, Stayman, Wine Sap, of plums, the Gold and Shiro; they have also a fine variety of pears, peaches, cherries, etc.; of small fruits, Cumber-land raspberry and other varieties, gooseberry, currants, grapes, ornamental hedge, etc.

## FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT

¶ The Oquawka Journal says the Jake Bricker farm near Rozetta has 15 Gentian apple trees that are so heavily loaded that if nothing happens to them between now and fall they will yield at least 150 bushels. That is something unusual in Illinois this fall.

¶ Sheriff Basel with his wamus on, in his bare feet and with a yawn consented that out-door Sunday evening union meetings could be held in front of the court house during the heated term.

¶ A traveling man whose route takes him to many cities in several states said to this editor the other day: "You have not the most prosperous town I know, but you do have more real pretty and well-behaved young girls than I ever saw in a city of near Lewistown's population. There must be something peculiar in the climate here, or in some other important feature of your city's environment." The editor could only reply: "It's been so for 60 years."

## WEST POINT JOURNAL

Geo. W. Bailey holds the palm for potatoes. On Monday of this week, while plowing in his garden he plowed up a peck of Early Ohio potatoes that were planted last spring. They were not over six inches from the surface and are large and firm and as fine as any potato that ever went on the table. —Carthage Republican.

Gee. That's nothing, we stuck a fork into a hill of potatoes yesterday, which had been in the ground all winter, and eleven bushels ran out before we could stop up the hole. —Carthage Democrat.

Charles Rice of Durham, came after a load of lumber Wednesday and used a six horse team. That is the most horses we have seen hitched in one regular team in along time. It reminds one of the teams the freighters use in the west. If his wagon tongue held out he got home all right as he had six cracker jacks of horses.

## CARTHAGE REPUBLICAN

Donald Stewart showed us an old lion cage on his farm. It is used as an oat bin at present. "Van Amburg's Circus and Menagerie", can be plainly read on it yet. Mr. Clark, who owned the farm before the Stewart's, bought the cage from the old circus, forty or fifty years ago some say. Geo. Garrett says the show had a riot with the sawmill men at Montrose and got all "whipped to pieces" and had to pull out for Carthage in the night, at which latter place Mr. Clark bought the cage. How about it Mr. Editor and when was it. We will venture that there is not another rat bin like it in Hancock county and probably not in the state.

## MEREDOSIA BUDGET

The thrill of spring now runs along the backbone of the calf. He'll buck and dance upon the mead and hoist his hinder calf. He'll dream of blooming clover fields and waving curly dock, gambol with his rigid tail stuck up at 6 o'clock. The blithesome meadow lark will sing the glories of the dawn and the robins will turn somersets upon the greening lawn. The spring intoxicated colt will do-si-do about, the festive frog will wake up to help the Weather Bureau out, the poor consumer will rejoice and hope for better luck, and the trusts will sit around and damn the coming garden truck. —Sounds like Bliss.

## FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT

¶ A business man tells us that during the rush trade of a Saturday one lady kept a clerk two hours trying to fit her with a pair of shoes while several customers could not be waited upon. On the following Monday this lady brought back the shoes she had worn all day, because they pinched her feet, and changed them for a new pair. The scuffed shoes are still on hands. This dealer belongs to Bro. Cleaver's church and can't properly express his views of that customer.

## ILLINOIS FREE PRESS.

### On The Fence.

I want to charm the mayor,  
And the corporation, too;  
I want to please the whiskey men,  
Yet keep the church in view.  
It's business sense to suit the dry,  
And not offend the wet;  
So I'm going to trim between the two,  
And suit 'em both, you bet,  
O, it's the fence for mine  
' To save my precious skin;  
I'll not come out, on either side,  
Till I see which one will win.

Two years ago, I tried this plan,  
But it didn't seem to work;  
The whiskey men looked doubtful.  
And the dries called me a shirk;  
But I'm satisfied the scheme is right,  
It's got to work, by Jing!  
So it's "whoop-hurray" for both of them.  
I'll make the echoes ring,  
For it's the fence for mine,  
I'll save my precious skin;  
And not declare for either side  
Till I see which one will win.

## FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT

¶ Mt. Pleasant, the ancient Indian battle ground of Fulton county, forever until the crack of doom, no doubt, will keep up its traditions, by spells, as the storm center of human cussedness in Fulton county. No better people live than the farmers about that commanding bluff of the Illinois river. But the youngsters just so often have to "blow off steam," or have it blow off their heads. That explains why some of the grandest soldiers of the civil war came from that section, with brave old Corporal Lem Potts, to carry the flag into Dixie. Mt. Pleasant had not been in eruption for a long time until on a recent Sunday evening when the Epworth League was in session with 10 or 15 older people present. We are told that some ungodly imp invaded the scene to settle, then and there, between the earnest prayers and sweet old songs, the dire problem as to some neighborhood tittle-tattle. There were, we are told, harsh and awful words and threats, for the house of God and some fierce sinner peeled off his coat and offered to "lick the feller (or fellerees) who had said so and so." But no blood was shed. The old editor has been in two or three Mt. Pleasant shindies. We know it is very improper to confess the fact—that the preachers will condemn this attitude—but from ancient inherited cussedness he always feels aggrieved and lonesome when he misses Mt. Pleasant in eruption.

#### THE BARRY RECORD.

An attention has been called by different ones to the littered and untidy condition of our alleys, and a hope expressed that the Record would impress upon the people the need of each property owner and tenant looking after their premises and making them as presentable as possible. All should have civic pride enough to do this, as it not only means health and cleanliness for our citizens, but makes a good impression on all strangers who visit our city.

#### THE RUSHVILLE TIMES.

—Rushville people who have visited the city cemetery this spring have noted and commented upon the fine work done there by Ross McKee, the sexton, and since the new addition has been put under fence it adds greatly to the attractiveness of the whole cemetery. Mr. McKee has just completed the job of building 130 rods of wire fence, and he has seeded the two plowed ridges on the south to oats and clover to keep down the weeds.

#### CARTHAGE DEMOCRAT.

—One of the cannons recently received by the G. A. R. of this city has been mounted and was this afternoon placed in a commanding position in the public square at the northeast corner of the court house.

#### CLAYTON ENTERPRISE

So far as dirt roads are concerned, the modest simple inexpensive split log drag is the main solution. But it must be worked by a man with some brains. The time to do the business is in the spring and early summer. A days work now is worth six days' next fall.

#### HULL ENTERPRISE

### Some Cleaner Anyhow.

The clean-up day got many an old can, bottle, broken dish, etc., off the streets and alleys. There were some who took the notice lightly and did not prepare the junk for hauling, but most residents appreciate the effort of the town board and gathered up the rubbish in convenient places.

#### WEST POINT JOURNAL

West Point is as modern a town, the size being considered, as can be found in this section of the state. We boast of having better side walks and more concrete ones than any town of this size in Hancock or the surrounding counties. When a stranger comes to town we take him around to see "our" electric light plant and boast on what good service they are giving us.

A few days ago a gentleman went to a residence in this town and seeing an electric light switch beside the door, took it to be a door bell attachment. No amount of turning would get any response, so he finally knocked on the door.

#### DALLAS CITY REVIEW

J. E. Williams county superintendent of schools, was a visitor to our city Thursday and made us a pleasant call. Mr. Williams is a candidate for re-nomination as will be seen by an announcement in another column. During his administration of that office he has builded up the schools of the county in a most favorable manner. He has also started in to learn the rising generation how to raise corn; and if through his efforts the yield of corn in Hancock county could be raised ten bushels per acre his name would be handed down to future generations.

#### FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT

☛ The streets are a whole lot handsomer and more comfortable, thanks to Street Superintendent Braden.

☛ Every evening the court house square is pretty well crowded with men, women and children with no other attraction than to meet a sober, orderly, well dressed and handsome company. The hotter the evenings, the bigger the crowd, because it is pleasanter in the breezy square than even in pleasant homes.

☛ Particularly jolly are the many happy babies in their go-carts that enliven the scene. And of such is the kingdom of heaven!

☛ The old editor once in a while has a sudden desire to be rich—very rich. It's when a sweet country or town girl passing him on the street with a rare smile draws out her delicious salutation: "Howdy d-i-e-w!" we then wish to be rich so that one by one we could give each of these dear girls a shining silver dollar.

#### HULL ENTERPRISE

### Tony, The Convict.

Tony, The Convict, was put on at the city hall by a home talent company of New Canton Tuesday night and was quite a pleasing event. A number of short readings, between acts by one of the young ladies, was the main feature of the evenings entertainment.

#### THE COUNTY SCRIBE.

We people of Birmingham feel that we are fortunate again. Through the efforts of our school an evening's entertainment of the strictest order has been billed for this town, on Saturday evening, April 16th. The trio, who will give the program, are known as the State Normal Entertainers.

#### THE MENDON DISPATCH.

—The play, "Arthur Eustes, or a Mother's Love," given by the Mendon Dramatic Club Saturday evening at the opera house drew a good audience. Those taking part did well, having their parts well committed. Emmett Ehrigott, as the Dutchman, kept the audience in a roar of laughter. If some of the players would talk louder it would be much better.

#### GRIGGSVILLE PRESS.

The city council at its meeting Monday night, decided to permit the children to skate on the sidewalk with their roller skates within a block of the business section. This is the right thing to do, as it is healthful exercise for the youngsters but they should not take advantage of the privilege by monopolizing the walks. The council also voted to contract for the purchase of cement for the construction of walks this spring, and also to make a new contract with the electric company for lighting the streets of the city.

Last Friday was Winn apple day in the city schools, when C. G. Winn presented the pupils with two barrels of luscious apples. The quantity was sufficient for each child to have several of them and all enjoyed the treat immensely. Mr. Winn also made an interesting and instructive talk before the pupils of the north building, concerning his late trip through the west. —Griggsville Press



## Won't Mix.

With all the splendid advice which has been written about the "uplift of the farmer" there has not been much of an uncomplimentary character; and yet the following probably represents the views of many a far-seeing farmer.

"If city people think things are so all-fired fine on the farms," writes Mr. Benning, a South Dakota Farmer, "why don't they pack up and try it? Attractions of farm life are dreams, and nobody has them except city folks. Life on the farm is hard work year in and year out, and nobody but a millionaire could get anything else out of it. If I had money enough I could enjoy life, in the meanwhile the farm would go to pot. But I want to tell you that if I had money enough to enjoy life on a farm I would go to the city to do it. And I reckon that if all the farmers in this country came into possession of such an amount of money at the same time there wouldn't be population enough left in three weeks to bring the cows home.

And about this transfer of labor from the factories to the farms; it will never take place. I hired a young man who was a clerk in a wholesale drug establishment. His job wasn't agreeing with his health and he decided to become a farmer. Now, the country is no place for broken down humanity unless they have money enough to pay their board, and even then salt meat in hot water is likely to disturb their digestive organs. This young man I hired had to work for his living. He had the grit, too, and stuck to his task in the field until he fell of exhaustion, and we never knew there was anything the matter with him.

I got the doctor, and he sent the clerk back to the city. He told him the only work he was fit for was store work. And not only that, but the young man

pined for excitement all the time he was at my place, and I could see with half an eye that he wouldn't keep at farming.

It's fine talk the people are making who want to uplift the farm, but they have got in the wrong stall. The only way country life could be improved would be to do away with about half the work. I don't think that is possible. Farm work is different from other work. It takes more time. Machinery has made a great change, but I don't believe there can be many more inventions that will reduce the amount of work. Cows must be milked and pigs must be fed. There will always be the haying in haying time and harvesting in harvesting time—too much work in the summer and plenty in the winter.

My wife says she's used to work and that's why she can stay on the farm. She says she doesn't want to attend any art classes or play bridge. She says if she did want to play bridge and such things, she would go to the city to do it.

It seems to me that it isn't possible to improve country life by injecting city life into it. The two won't mix.

### MEREDOSIA BUDGET.

Not so many years ago "farmer" was about as scornful a slang term as could be applied to anybody who blundered stumbled, or "got in bad." But what would the average man in the streets say to-day if somebody shouted to him "You farmer?" Wouldn't he throw his chest out and spring a smile as broad as if he owned a gold mine? He certainly would. The farmer doesn't wear his hayseed in his hair any longer. He sells it and buys an automobile. And when doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, point their finger at him and say, "You're it," he merely throws in the speed clutch and smiles back along the wind.

### THE LAHARPER

#### Helpful Citizens.

The most humble citizen can be most helpful in building up the town and its business enterprises if he will. When we see the goods piled up on our station platform from the mail order houses of the larger cities for our farmer friends, we wonder that it is so. Surely no man owning a farm within the trading circle of LaHarpe, but what knows the value of that farm is largely in being in close proximity to a good town. The better the town the greater value is the land about it. We heard of a humble citizen, a laborer, whose income is not large, as he depends wholly upon his skill and labor to carry on his contract work, yet this man turned in over \$5 000 last year to our merchants. He got every dollar of his supplies from home dealers. He could have gone to other towns or to the city for his supplies, but he was and is patriotic enough to give support to home dealers and build up the town and thereby enhance his own property values. This is no idle assertion but facts. The same patriotic concern from all the farmers and others, would make our town almost self-supporting and bring prosperity and profit to all. The few dollars saved, if there is any saving, in buying from home, is lost in the conditions which follow the trading from home habit. We know our merchants can meet all competition if given the opportunity.

### FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

☛ The Cuba baseball "Cubs" have won everyone of the nine games played this season with teams from larger cities. Cuba is very proud of its triumphant athletes. Yet there would be a nice taste in the mouths of many excellent Cuba men and women if the boys would cut out the Sunday games. Pastor Zeller makes this confession and very considerate appeal to members of his church:

"It has been reported (by people who should not attend Sunday base ball themselves) that some of the members of the Christian church are found at the game Sunday afternoons. There is no command in the New Testament which reads Keep holy the Sunday. However we know that God has always required one seventh of our time for spiritual development, and there is certainly not much of that at a Sunday baseball game. Sunday games are for people who make no profession of Christianity and they bring no shame to the church by attending Sunday baseball. But my brother or sister in the church what influence can you hope to exercise for Christ with your neighbor when he knows you are out rooting for the ball team on Sunday? Think it over. These are brave words for a pastor to his recreant church members.

CROWD IS IN FINE NERVOUS FETTER ON EACH SIDE THE ART OF FINDING THE QUARTER BECOMES THE TRICK OF CAPTAINS WITH SECOND SIGHT, WHICH THE CAPTAINS ACTUALLY DEVELOP, TO THEIR OWN ASTONISHMENT. WHILE THIS EVENING WAS YOUNG THERE WAITED OUTSIDE ON THE STEPS THE BOYS NOT YET CONVERTED. MAYBE THEY THREW IN A BIT OF GRAVEL OR A POTATO FOR THE HUMOR OF THE THING, BUT MORE LIKELY THEY PEEPED IN WITH HIGH-BEATING HEARTS AND LUMPS IN THEIR THROATS. IN THE CITY, IN SUCH A SITUATION, SOME, ONE COULD SAY "COME ON FELLOWS, LETS GO TO THE DEVIL", OR WORDS OF THAT KIND. AND THE INEVITABLE BAR ROOM WITH ITS LEERING CORDIALITY WOULD CLAIM THEM FOR THE NIGHT. BUT HERE, IN THE SALOONLESS VILLAGE, THEY STILL HAUNT THE SOCIAL. NO OTHER LIGHTS ARE AS BRIGHT AS THESE. SOONER OR LATER THE RINGLEADER SNEAKS IN AND JOINS THE JACOB AND RUTH CIRCLE OR THE JENKINS GAME. ALL HIS GODLY KIN ARE LYING IN WAIT. AN ANGEL-HEARTED GIRL, MAYBE, IS WATCHING WITHOUT SEEMING TO WATCH. THE PASTOR DOES NOT ALLOW THE INCIDENT TO ESCAPE HIM. AND THE FELLOW, EARSTWHILE INTRACTABLE AS A MEXICAN BRONCHO IS CONVERTED BEFORE THE NEXT PROTRACTED MEETING IS OVER. HIS GANG HAVE NOTHING TO DO BUT MEERLY FOLLOW SUIT TO CONTINUE TO BE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE ARGUES AN INDIVIDUALITY WORTHY OF A BRONZE MEDAL.

THE CHURCH HAS A CODE OF DAILY CONDUCT THAT IS PASSIONATELY ESPOUSED BY THE YOUNG CONVERT. HE NEVER TURNS ENTIRELY AWAY FROM IT, THOUGH IT SEEMS TO FADE IN OFF SEASONS. IT IS ACTUALLY THE TRELLIS UPON WHICH HIS SOUL GROWS, HOWEVER HE MAY WEAVE IN AND OUT. IT IS A SYSTEM OF BEING BAD AND GOOD. THE SINNERS HAVE THEIR POINTS OF CONDUCT AS WELL AS THE SAINTS. THE CHILDREN ARE IN TWO SETS FROM INFANCY, THE ONE COMPOSED OF THOSE WHO RUN THE STREETS AFTER DARK, WILD LITTLE SATYRS, AND THE OTHER GROUP THE MORE SOBER STAY-AT-HOMES, WHO TAKE TO THE CODE FROM THE CRADLE. BOTH GO REGULARLY TO BIBLE-SCHOOL. THAT SUNDAY TRUCE IS PART OF THE GAME. SAINT AND SINNER ARE APT TO BE INTIMATE FRIENDS. THEY CANNOT BE GRADUALLY SEPARATED AS IN THE CITY, WITH THE SALOON DOMINATING ONE GROUP, AND THE CHURCH THE OTHER. CONVERSION COMES TO ALL ALIKE, FROM FIFTEEN TO EIGHTEEN, AS NATURALLY AS MARRIAGE A LITTLE LATER. ALMOST ALL SETTLE DOWN TO SOBER MATURITY. IT IS THE PROPER THING FOR HALF GROWN MALE SINNERS TO BE QUITE SHABBILY OR QUITE LOUDLY DRESSED, GET DRINK BY EXPRESS, PLAY CARDS INTERMINABLY. THEY ORGANIZE DANCES WHEN IT IS POSSIBLE, BUT THEY CANNOT GET THE PEOPLE THEY LIKE BEST, TO COME. THEY INDULGE IN SEMI-CLANDESTINE AMOURS WITH THE MORE RECKLESS GIRLS. THEY CONFORM TO THE FULL PATTERN OF INIQUITY BY GOING TO THE CITY AND BRINGING BACK SODDEN TALES OF ADVENTURE. YET THEY WOULD NEVER THINK OF SHOOTING UP A STORE AS IN THE WEST, OR FIGHTING KNIFE-DUELS, AS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SOUTH. THE RESPECTABLE YOUNG LADY, NOT YET CONVERTED, AND TECHNICALLY A SINNER, WILL NOT DANCE, AND INDICATES HER TECHNICAL SINFULNESS BY SAYING SHE WISHES HER FOLKS WOULD LET HER. SHE HAS NO TESTIMONY TO OFFER AT EPWORTH LEAGUE OR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR. SHE INDULGES IN RECKLESS SPEECH AGAINST THE SAINTS, AND ALLOWS THE WILD YOUNG MEN, WHO MAKE BOLD TO GET DRUNK, TO THINK THEY ARE HEROES. SHE IS WILLING TO BE SEEN WITH THEM MORE THAN A NEW CONVERT COULD POSSIBLY APPROVE. REPENTANCE IS BOUND TO SMITE HER IN TIME. SHE IS CONSTANTLY EXPOSED TO THE LIGHTNING OF THE LORD. WHILE THE SAINTS MUST ABSTAIN FROM THE CITY THEATRE AND VAUDEVILLE, WHILE THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO AVOID AS A PESTILENCE, THE DANCE, SUNDAY BASE BALL AND PLAYING CARDS, THEY ARE ACCORDED ALL THE PRIVILIGES OF THE TOWN. THEIR JOYS ARE MANY. THEY ATTEND THE BAND CONCERTS, LECTURES, KINETESCOPE SHOWS, RECITALS; TAKE PART IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS, CHRISTMAS AND EASTER ENTERTAINMENTS, FISH FRYS, LOG ROLLINGS, AND TAFFY PULLINGS. THEY ARE PERMITTED BY THE HOLY INQUISITION,



KNOWN OTHERWISE AS THE SEWING SOCIETY TO GO TO ICE CREAM SODA FOUNTAINS, WEEK DAY BASE BALL, KISS-  
ING PARTIES, BUGGY RIDES, HAY RIDES, SKATING RINKS THEY MAY READ ANYTHING THEY PLEASE, GOSSIP, AND IF  
BOYS THEY CAN SWEAR MILDLY AND CHEW TOBACCO UNOBTUSIVELY. ~~ON~~ ON BIG CITY WISE MAN, WHILE YOU ARE  
PERMITTED TO SMILE, YOU MUST NOT SIT IN THE SEAT OF THE SCORNER JUDGE THE GAME AS A WHOLE. EVERY  
CONSTITUTION AND BYLAWS IS ARBITRARY, WITH QUEER DETAILS IT IS AS DANGEROUS TO TRY SURGERY UPON AS  
THE BIRTHMARK IN HAWTHORNE'S TALE THE RULES OF BASE BALL, OF THE CHINESE COURT, OF WEST POINT, OF  
THE TALMUD, MUST BE RESPECTED IN THEIR PLACE THE TRUE SOUL ASKS "IS THE GAME PLAYED WITH SPIRIT?"  
"DOES IT MAKE THEM HAPPY?" "IS THE SEASONED PLAYER A CREDIT TO HUMAN NATURE?" ~~ONCE~~ ONCE CONVERSION,  
MATURITY AND MARRIAGE ARE REACHED, THERE ARE A MULTITUDE OF ENTERPRISES THE VILLAGE CODE DOES NOT  
HINDER. IN FACT, IT REPRESENTS THE TASTES AND LIMITATIONS OF THE AVERAGE MARRIED FOLKS; IT IS AN  
INSTINCTIVE DEVICE TO GET THE PASSIONATE ASPIRING AND REBELLIOUS YOUNG SAFELY TO THE THRESHOLD .  
OF THE HOUSEHOLDER PERIOD, AFTER THAT COMES FARM MAKING, FAMILY BUILDING, ROAD DRAGGING, STREET  
MAKING, POLITICS AND THE LIKE, ALL MELLOWED AND SANCTIFIED BY THE CHURCH, WITHOUT ANY SPECIFIC  
PROVISIONS. ~~THE~~ THE PRINCIPAL WORLD-CRITICISM OF THE CROSS-ROADS-MEETING-HOUSE IDEAL ROUND WHICH  
THIS SYSTEM IS BUILT, IS THAT IT HAS PRODUCED ONLY ONE TYPE OF MAN. I MEET AN EXAMPLE OF HIM  
IN MOST ANY SMALL PLACE. THE OTHER MALES ARE ONLY VARIATIONS. THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE, OFTEN  
THE GRANDFATHER, TOWERING AND SUNBURNEED, HE HAS GRADUALLY DEVELOPED FROM THE MAN WHO FARMS WITH  
HIS FEET TO THE MAN WHO FARMS WITH HIS BRAIN. MAYBE HE HAS REACHED THE CLASS OF "RETIRED FARMERS."  
~~THE~~ THERE IS A POWERFUL KIND OF CITY POTENTATE WHOSE EDUCATION IS COMPLETE WHEN HE LEAVES COLLEGE,  
WHO AT FORTY APPEARS TO HAVE THROWN TO MOLOCH MOST OF THE FAIR FANCIES HE SHOULD HAVE CHERISHED, HE  
EXHAUSTS MOST OF HIS IDEALISM IN BEING LEGAL IN BUSINESS. IF WE ARE TO JUDGE BY THE KIND OF METROPOLIS  
HE MAKES, THERE IS LITTLE FINE FLAVOR OR RICH DEPTH IN THE MEDITATIONS OF HIS AGE. BUT THIS OTHER  
LEADER OF MEN, THIS TEACHER OF THE FARMER'S BIBLE-CLASS AND CHAIRMAN OF THE PRAYER-MEETING  
COMMITTEE AND THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH, HAS FOUND A MEANS OF DEVELOPMENT  
IN HIS MERE CITIZENSHIP IN STATE AND CHURCH. IN HIS SOUL IS THE DECALOGUE, THE DECLARATION OF  
INDEPENDENCE AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. IF YOU WANT TO AROUSE HIM, APPEAL TO THESE,  
AND NOT TO ANY NEW DOCTRINE. HE KNOWS WHY THUNDER CAME FROM HOREB, AND WHY THE CIVIL WAR WAS  
FOUGHT. IF YOU WANT HIS POLITICAL ALLEGIANCE, ARGUE THE PRESENT CRISIS FROM SOMETHING ANDREW  
JACKSON SAID, HIS POSITION AS A STUBBORN AND PERPETUAL DRY VOTER IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF HIS  
ADAMANT AMERICANISM. HE IS NEARER TO THE ANCIENT ROMAN TYPE OF FARMER-PATRIOT THAN THE FATHERS  
OF THE REPUBLIC HAD IN MIND, THAN ANY OTHER BREATHING MAN. RUGGED THOUGH HE IS, THE CHOIRS OF VILLAGE  
BELLES IN THEIR WHITE DRESSES, THE ENDLESS ROWS OF SWEET FACED GRANDCHILDREN IN THE INFANT CLASS,  
SINGING THE PRAISES OF GOD IN LITTLE VOICES ARE THE MOST CHERISHED OF THE WHITE HARVESTS OF HIS  
LIFE. BECAUSE HE IS IN LINE WITH OUR SIMPLE DEMOCRATIC TRADITIONS, AND GETS HIS EDUCATION FROM THE FOUR SEASONS  
AND THE BOOK OF GOD AND THE OPEN SKY, AND HAS BEEN DOING SO FOR A CENTURY, HE IS IN LINE FOR HIS FINAL DEVEL-  
OPMENT THERE ARE ENDLESS SUBTLE TOUCHES OF MATURITY. ALL SIGNS SHOW, THAT IN THIS GENERATION OR THE  
NEXT, THE CENTURY PLANT WILL BLOOM. ~~HE~~ HE AND HIS FATHERS HAVE CONSTRUCTED THE VISTAS OF NEAT  
HOMES, THAT MAKE EVERY STREET. HE AND HIS KIN HAVE PLANTED THESE BROODING TREES, HAVE LAID OUT THE SQUARE,  
NOW SO SMOOTHLY ROLLED, HE HAS FINANCED THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDING, THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT, THE CHAUTAU-  
QUA GROUNDS, THE NEW TOWN HALL. OUT OF HIS SECRET SOUL COMES THE SENSE OF SPACE, CLEANNESS, AND

PERMANENCY THAT PERVADES THE SQUARE. HE WAS ON THE COMMITTEE THAT, LAID THE CEMENT WALKS BINDING THE WHOLE VILLAGE TOGETHER WITH ONE GREY RIBBON. HIS TASTE HAS RAISED IN STRONG AND SEVERE STYLE THESE SENTINEL CHURCH BUILDINGS BECAUSE OF THESE, HIS ACCUMULATED LABORS, DONE IN ONE SPIRIT THROUGH MANY YEARS, THE AIR IS SATURATED WITH TANTALIZING SPIRITUAL SUGGESTION. ALL SIGNS CRY "TOMORROW, TOMORROW!" ~~THESE~~ THESE VILLAGES ARE THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS IN THE WILD SEA OF COMMERCE IN ONE OR TWO RARE MOMENTS THEY HAVE BROUGHT TO ME THE ELUSIVE CHARM OF DEAD AND IMMORTAL HELLAS WITH SUCH A DIFFERENT ROOT AND STALK THE PERFUME WAS THE SAME. ONCE OR TWICE AS I HAVE SPOKEN, AS IS MY CUSTOM, IN THEIR PULPITS, LOOKING DOWN INTO THE SABBATH-STILLED FACES OF THE YOUNG, THE WHOLE PLACE WAS TURNED TO A NOWHERE OF IVORY AND GOLD: THAT BRIGHT ARMY OF PERFECTLY CARVED COUNTENANCES BECAME GREEK BEFORE MY EYES, THOUGH MINE WAS A MIGHTY PURITAN CAUSE. THE CHURCH BECAME A WONDERLAND PERVADED BY THE TRANCE OF CLASSIC, NOT HEBRAIC IMMORTALITY. WHILE QUOTING WITH ALL MY HEART THE INVECTIVES OF THE PROPHETS, THERE RAN THROUGH MY FANCY SWINBURNE'S MESMERIC LINES:

"THE BOUNTIFUL INFINITE WEST, THE HAPPY MEMORIAL PLACES  
FULL OF THE STATELY REPOSE AND THE LORDLY DELIGHT OF THE DEAD,  
WHERE THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS ARE LIT WITH THE LIGHT OF INEFFABLE FACES  
AND THE SOUND OF A SEA WITHOUT WIND IS ABOUT THEM, AND SUNSET IS RED."

YOU SAY "OVERDONE" YOU OBJECT YOU INSIST THE CHURCH IS AN EVERYDAY PLACE YES. BUT THERE IS SOMETHING IN HER EVERYDAYNESS THAT MAKES HIGHER VISION POSSIBLE ~~THERE~~ THERE WAS, NO DOUBT, IN NEW ENGLAND SUCH AN ATMOSPHERE AS THIS JUST BEFORE SHE RIPEDED. I ANTICIPATE THAT MANY THINGS WILL SOON HAPPEN IN THE VILLAGES THAT WILL GRIEVE AND PUZZLE THE SEWING SOCIETY. THERE IS A CHANCE THAT NOT ONLY SIMPLE LOVELINESS, BUT A SUPREME UNIQUE CULTURE WILL RIPE UNDER THESE TREES IT IS MY HOPE THAT IT WILL BE A CULTURE EVEN MORE OF THE EYE THAN OF THE MIND ~~SOME~~ SOME ONE OF THESE VILLAGES, APPARENTLY NO MORE SENSITIVE THAN THE REST IS GOING TO BE GRADUALLY AWARE OF HERSELF, IS GOING TO TAKE SPECIAL PAINS WITH HER TALENTED CHILDREN, TEACHING THEM, NO MATTER HOW FAR THEY EXPLORE THE WORLD FOR SPECIAL TRAINING, TO CONSECRATE THE FINEST PRODUCT OF THEIR MATURED LIFE TO THEIR BIRTHPLACE SOME VILLAGE PASTOR IS GOING TO HAVE A VISION OF HIS RESPONSIBILITY AS THE CUSTODIAN OF A RIPENING CIVILIZATION, AND THE DEVELOPER OF THE SPECIAL PERSONALITY OF A TOWN, AS WELL AS THE WATCHDOG OF ITS MORALS. HE WILL SEARCH FOR THE DIVINE FIRES OF ARTISTIC IMPULSE AS WELL AS THE TEARS OF SOCIAL REPENTANCE IN THE EYES OF THE WILDER CHILDREN OF THE PLACE ~~AND~~ NOT ALWAYS WILL THE TALENTED PRODIGAL REMAIN IN THE BIG CITY IN THE FORLORN HOPE TO CONQUER IT WITH SCULPTURE AND SONG, AMID THE CLANGORS OF BABEL, AMID THE HUSKS OF COMMERCE. HE WILL BE PERISHING WITH BEAUTY-HUNGER, AND RETURN AT LENGTH TO HIS OWN PEOPLE. WE AND HIS COMRADES WILL BRING WITH THEM CRAFTS, SONG, LANDSCAPE GARDENING, PAINTING, DRAMA, ARCHITECTURE, THE TOWN CERTAINLY WILL TOLERATE THESE AND ADOPT THEM IN TIME, AND CONSECRATE EACH AS A MEANS OF GRACE AS SHE HAS THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE CEMENT SIDEWALK ~~ON~~ ON WISE MAN OF THE NOISE-WORLD. YOU KNOW INDOUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION HAS BITTER WAR IMMEDIATELY AHEAD BUT DO YOU KNOW THAT IN THE VILLAGE IS BEING CONSERVED ALREADY THAT LOVELINESS WHICH MAY HEAL THE WOUNDED AND BIND UP THE BROKEN HEARTED?





## THE GAMBLERS.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN  
BY A DREAMING IDLER OF THE SLUM.



LIFE'S A JAIL WHERE MEN HAVE COMMON LOT.  
GAMMY THE ONE WHO HAS, AND WHO HAS NOT.  
ALL OUR TREASURES NEITHER LESS NOR MORE.  
BREAD ALONE COMES THROUGH THE GUARDED DOOR.  
CARDS ARE FOOLISH IN THIS JAIL I THINK,  
YET THEY PLAY FOR SHOES, FOR DRABS AND DRINK.  
SHE, MY LAWLESS, SHARP-TONGUED GIPSY-MAID  
WILL NOT SLOAN WITH ME THIS JAIL BIRD TRADE;  
PETS SOME FOX EYED BOY WHO TURNS THE TRICK,  
THOUGH HE WIN A BUTTON OR A STICK  
PENCIL, 'GARTER, RIBBON, CORSET LACE';  
HIS THE GLORY, MINE IS THE DISGRACE. \* \* \* \* \*  
SWEET, I'D RATHER LOSE THAN WIN, DESPITE  
LOVE OF HEARTY WORDS AND MAIDS POLITE.  
'LOVE'S A GAMBLE', SAY YOU? I DENY.  
LOVE'S A GIFT. I LOVE YOU TILL I DIE.  
GAMBLERS FIGHT LIKE RATS I WILL NOT PLAY  
ALL I EVER HAD I GAVE AWAY  
ALL I EVER COVETED WAS PEACE  
SUCH AS COMES IF WE HAVE JAIL RELEASE.  
CARDS ARE PUZZLES THOUGH THE PRIZE BE GOLD,  
CARDS HELP NOT THE BREAD THAT TASTES OF MOULD,  
CARDS DYE NOT YOUR HAIR TO BLACK MORE DEEP,  
CARDS MAKE NOT THE CHILDREN CEASE TO WEEP \* \* \* \* \*  
SCORNEO, I SIT WITH HALF SHUT EYES ALL DAY —  
WATCH THE CATARACT OF SUNSHINE PLAY  
DOWN THE WALL AND DANCE UPON THE FLOOR  
SUN, COME DOWN AND BREAK THE DUNCEON DOOR!  
OF SUCH GOLD DUST COULD I MAKE A KEY,  
— FIT THE LOCK, HOW SOON WE WOULD BE FREE!  
OVER BORDERS WE WOULD HURRY ON  
SAFE BY GOD'S OWN FARMS AND SPRINGS OF DAWN!  
WASH OUR WOUNDS AND JAIL STAINS THERE AT LAST  
AZURE RIVERS FLOWING, FLOWING PAST  
LAND OF LIGHT! OUR FLESH WILL BE REBORN!  
— GOD WILL GIVE US FIELDS FOR FLOWERS AND CORN

ON READING OMAR KHAYYAM  
DURING AN ANTI-SALOON  
CAMPAIGN,  
IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS.

IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE I TURNED,  
(FOR THE THUNDERS COULD FLOURISH WITHOUT ME)  
AND HID BY A ROSE-HUNG WALL,  
FORGETTING THE MURDER ABOUT ME;  
AND WROTE, FROM MY WOUND, ON THE STONE,  
IN MIRTH, HALF PRAYER, HALF PLAY:—  
“SEND ME A PICTURE BOOK,  
SEND ME A SONG, TODAY.”



I SAW HIM THERE BY THE WALL  
WHEN I SCARCE HAD WRITTEN THE LINE  
IN THE ENEMY'S COLORS DRESSED  
AND THE SERPENT-STANDARD OF WINE  
WRITHING ITS WITHERED LENGTH  
FROM HIS GHOSTLY HANDS O'ER THE GROUND,  
AND THERE BY HIS SHADOWY BREAST  
THE GLORIOUS POEM I FOUND.

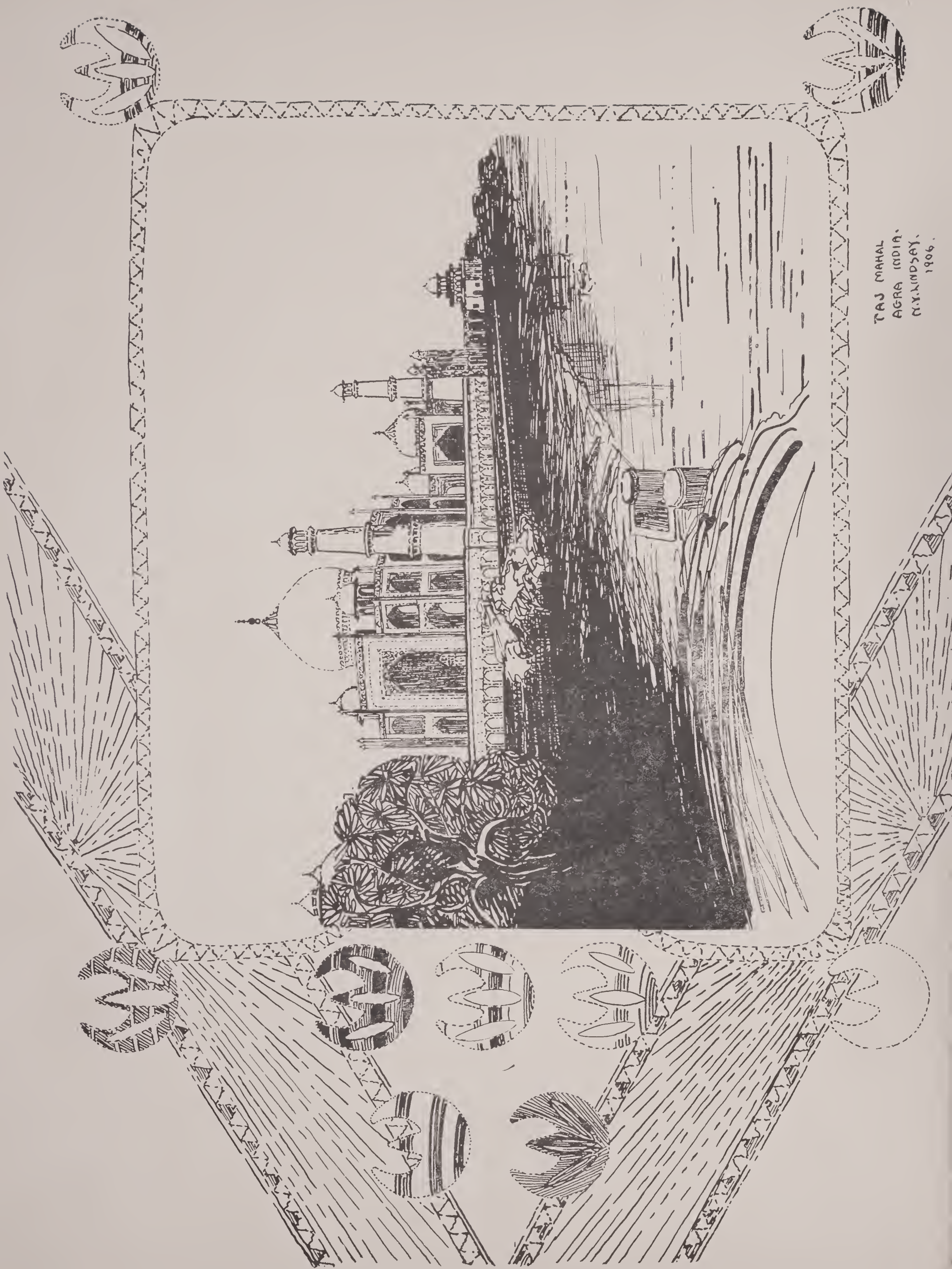
THIS WAS HIS WORLD-OLD CRY:  
THUS READ THE FAMOUS PRAYER:  
“WINE, WINE, WINE AND FLOWERS  
AND CUP-BEARERS ALWAYS FAIR!”  
'T WAS A BOOK OF THE SNARES OF EARTH  
BORDERED IN GOLD AND BLUE,  
AND I READ EACH LINE TO THE WIND  
AND READ TO THE ROSES TOO;  
AND THEY NODDED THEIR WOMANLY HEADS  
AND TOLD TO THE WALL JUST WHY  
FOR WINE OF THE EARTH MEN BLEED,  
KINGDOMS AND EMPIRES DIE.



I ENVIED THE GRAPE STAINED SAGE :  
(THE ROSES WERE PRAISING HIM.)  
THE WAYS OF THE WORLD SEEMED GOOD  
AND THE GLORY OF HEAVEN DIM.  
I ENVIED THE ENDLESS KINGS  
WHO FOUND GREAT PEARLS IN THE MIRE  
WHO BOUGHT WITH THE NATION'S LIFE  
THE CUP OF DELICIOUS FIRE.

BUT THE WINE OF GOD CAME DOWN,  
AND I DRANK IT OUT OF THE AIR.  
(FAIR IS THE SERPENT-CUP  
BUT THE CUP OF GOD MORE FAIR.)  
THE WINE OF GOD CAME DOWN  
THAT MAKES NO DRINKER TO WEEP,  
AND I WENT BACK TO BATTLE AGAIN  
LEAVING THE SINGER ASLEEP.



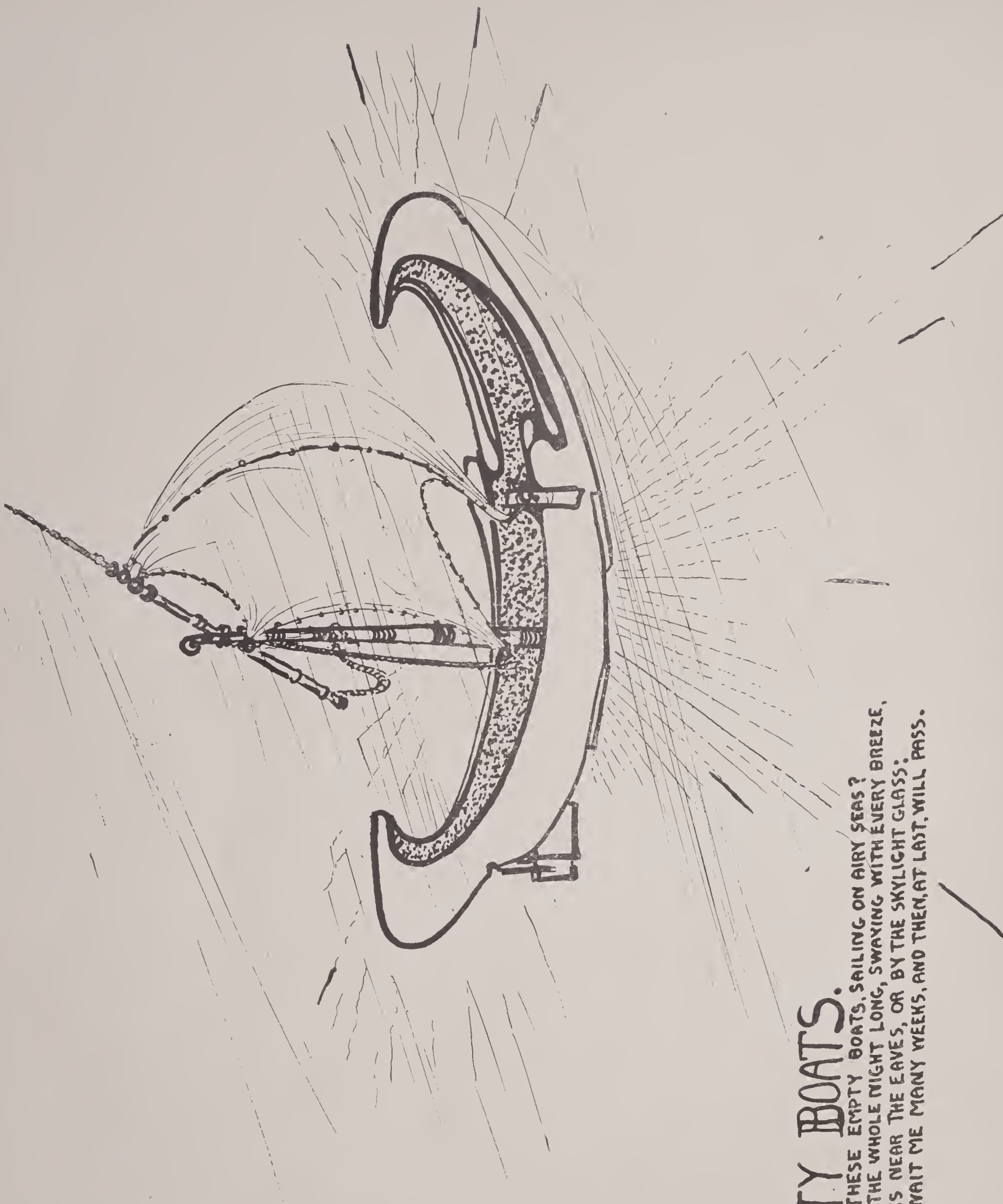


TAJ MAHAL  
AGRA INDIA.  
N.Y. LINDSAY,  
1906.



## AN EDITORIAL ON THE TAJ MAHAL, FOR THE LOCAL BUILDING CONTRACTOR

I COPIED THIS THE TAJ MAHAL FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, ADDING THE BORDER THAT SOME OF THE PAGE MIGHT BE MY OWN I HAVE NEVER VISITED THE PLACE EXCEPT IN SPIRIT. YET I ALMOST SEE THAT FAMOUS DOME WHEN I TURN MY EYES TOWARD DAYN, TOWARD THE ETERNAL, RICHLY VARIED EAST, WHERE FAITH IS WEIRD AND TREMENDOUS, WHERE ISLAM WAITS HER JUOEMENT DAY, WHERE MAN IS EVER OLD. FRIEND, LET US TOLL THAT THIS OUR RAW AND RASPING WESTERN NATION MAY BE REDEEMED, AND WEAR SUCH WHITE ROBES OF MARVEL, SUCH MINARETS OF QUIET SNOW. THROUGH OUR GREAT MISSIONARIES WE SEND THE EAST THE GOSPEL OF BROTHERHOOD. LET US NOT BE TOO FULL OF SPIRITUAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY. LET US RECEIVE IN RETURN FROM THEM THE SILENT GOSPEL OF BEAUTY. IT IS NOT THAT WE ARE TO IMITATE THESE SPECIAL FORMS, OR CARRY ON THE ARABESQUE TRADITION. WE ARE RATHER TO INTERPRET OUR OWN LAND IN THAT RARE HOUR WHEN IT IS SERENE LET IT REMAIN THE FREE YOUNG WEST, YET BECOME A LAND WHERE SACRED RIVERS HAVE PLACE TO BUILD FOR THAT DAY THE CROSS-ROADS CHURCH, THE LONE FARM HOUSE, THE WOODEN BRIDGE SEEMINGLY PERISHABLE MATERIALS, IF WROUGHT WITH REJOIKING AND LOVE CAN MAKE INDEED A DEATHLESS LAND. THE PLACE WHOSE TINY TOWN HALL IS A GEM, WILL BE PREPARED AGAINST MAKING ITS FIRST SKYSCRAPER A TOWER OF BABEL AND A BLASPHEMY



## THE EMPTY BOATS.

WHY DO I SEE THESE EMPTY BOATS, SAILING ON AIRY SEAS?  
ONE HAUNTED ME THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG, SWAYING WITH EVERY BREEZE,  
RETURNING ALWAYS NEAR THE EAVES, OR BY THE SKYLIGHT GLASS:  
THERE IT WILL WAIT ME MANY WEEKS, AND THEN, AT LAST, WILL PASS.

EACH SOUL IS HAUNTED BY A SHIP IN WHICH THAT SOUL MIGHT RIDE  
AND CLIMB THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES OF HEAVEN'S SILENT TIDE  
IN VOYAGES THAT CHANGE THE VERY METES AND BOUNDS OF FATE —  
OH EMPTY BOATS, WE ALL REFUSE, THAT BY OUR WINDOWS WAIT!

[NICHOLAS VACHELL LINDSAY]



## THE CORNFIELDS.

THE CORNFIELDS RISE ABOVE MANKIND  
LIFTING WHITE TORCHES TO THE BLUE  
EACH SEASON NOT ASHAMED TO BE  
MAGNIFICENTLY DECKED FOR YOU.

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO CALL THEM YOURS  
AND IN BRUTE LUST OF RICHES BURN  
WITHOUT SOME RADIANT PENANCE WROUGHT,  
SOME BEAUTIFUL, DEVOUT RETURN ?





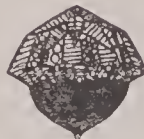


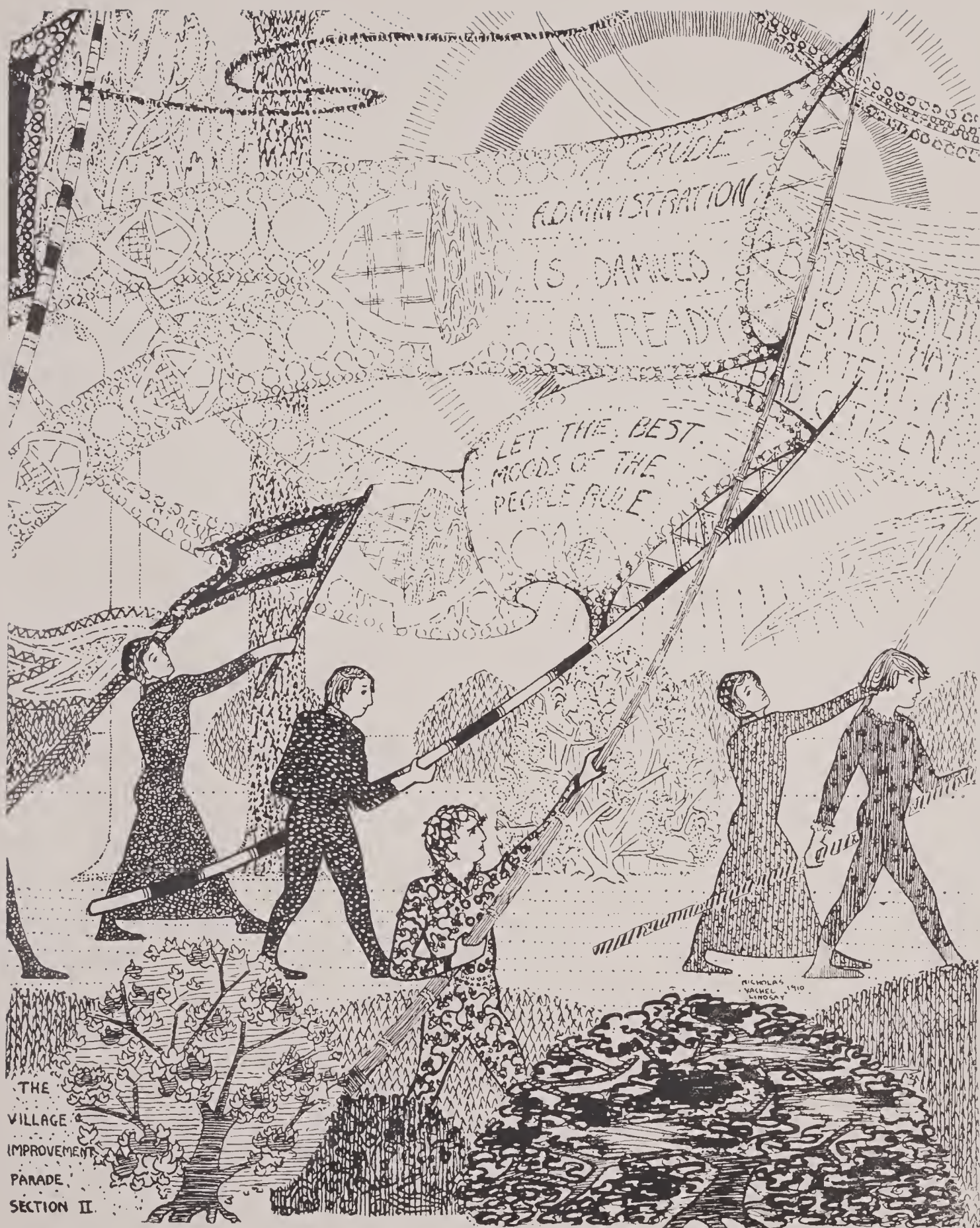
## THE ANGEL AND THE CLOWN.

I SAW WILD DOMES AND BOWERS,  
AND SMOKING INCENSE-TOWERS,  
AND MAD, EXOTIC FLOWERS,  
IN ILLINOIS.  
WHERE RAGGED DITCHES RAN  
NOW SPRINGS OF HEAVEN BEGAN,—  
CELESTIAL DRINK FOR MAN  
IN ILLINOIS.

THERE STOOD BESIDE THE TOWN,  
BENEATH ITS INCENSE-CROWN,  
AN ANGEL AND A CLOWN,  
IN ILLINOIS.  
HE WAS AS CLOWNS ARE;  
SHE WAS SNOW AND STAR,  
WITH EYES THAT LOOKED AFAR  
IN ILLINOIS.

I ASKED "HOW CAME THIS PLACE  
OF ANTIQUE ASIAN GRACE  
AMID OUR CALLOW RACE,  
IN ILLINOIS?"  
SAID CLOWN AND ANGEL FAIR:  
"BY LAUGHTER AND BY PRAYER,  
BY CASTING OFF ALL CARE,  
IN ILLINOIS."



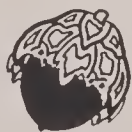


THE  
VILLAGE  
IMPROVEMENT  
PARADE.  
SECTION II.



## IRRELEVANT SECTION.

MANY PEOPLE WILL DISLIKE THE GENERAL THEME OF THIS MAGAZINE.  
FOR SUCH THIS IRRELEVANT SECTION IS MADE



## THE CANDLE-MOON.

(WHAT THE SHEPHERD DOG SAID.)

THE MOON IS BUT A CANDLE-GLOW  
THAT FLICKERS THROUGH THE GLOOM;  
THE STARRY SPACE A CASTLE HALL;  
AND EARTH, THE CHILDREN'S ROOM  
WHERE ALL NIGHT LONG THE OLD TREES STAND  
TO WATCH THE STREAMS ASLEEP;  
GRANDMOTHERS GUARDING TRUNDLE-BEDS,  
GOOD SHEPHERDS GUARDING SHEEP.







N.V.L. 1210.

## THE MOON-WORMS.

(WHAT THE HYENA SAID.)

THE MOON IS BUT A GOLDEN SKULL;  
SHE MOUNTS THE HEAVENS NOW,  
AND MOON WORMS, MIGHTY MOON WORMS  
ARE WREATHED AROUND HER BROW.

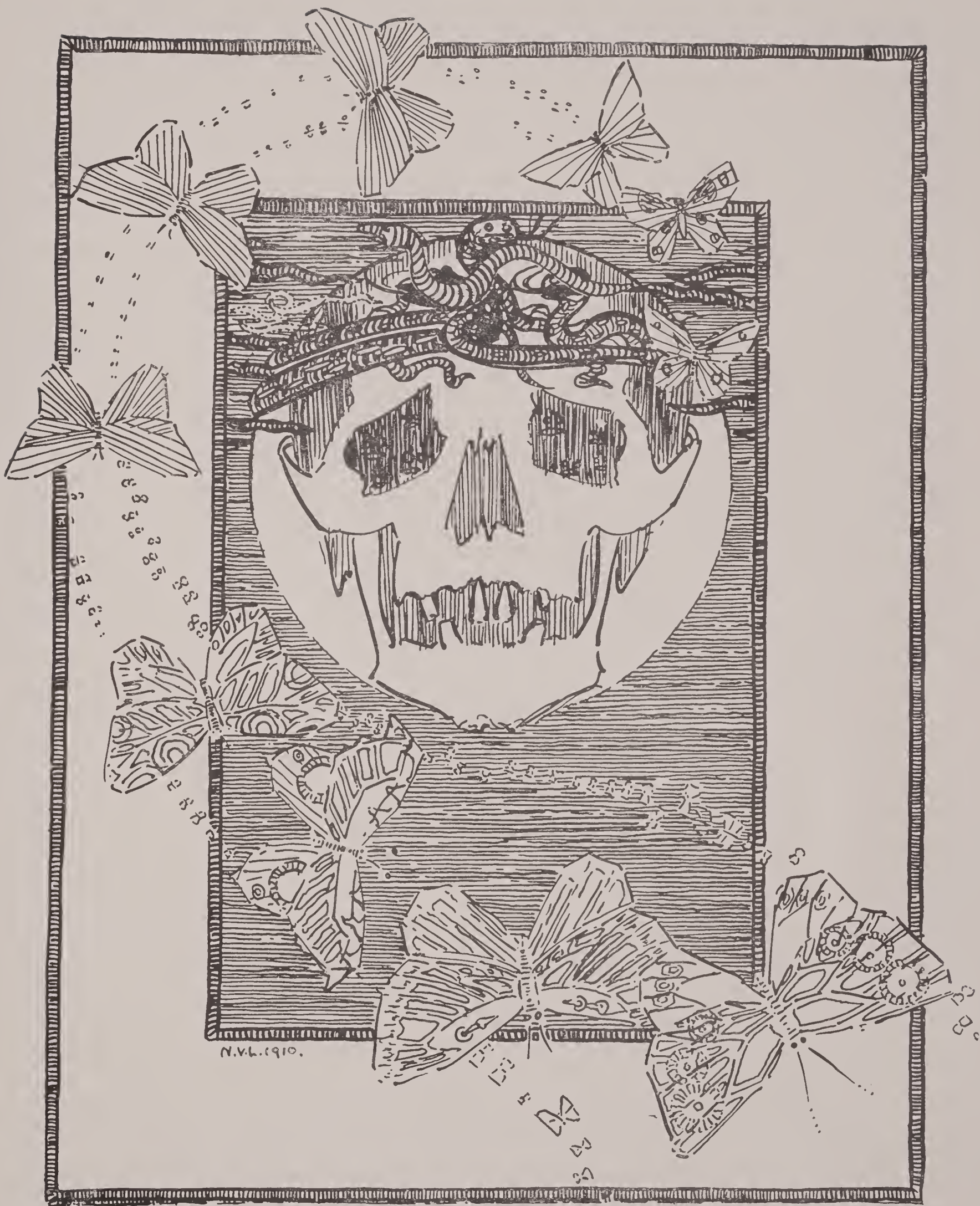
THE MOONWORMS ARE A DOUGHTY RACE;  
THEY EAT HER GREY AND GOLDEN FACE,  
HER EYE SOCKETS DEAD, AND MOULDING HEAD;—  
THESE CAVERNS ARE THEIR DWELLING PLACE.

THE MOON-WORMS, SERPENTS OF THE SKIES  
FROM THE GREAT HOLLOWY OF HER EYES  
BEHOLD ALL SOULS, AND THEY ARE WISE:  
WITH TINY, KEEN AND ICY EYES  
BEHOLD HOW EACH MAN SINS AND DIES.

WHEN EARTH IN GOLD-CORRUPTION LIES  
LONG DEAD, THE MOON-WORM BUTTERFLIES  
ON CYCLONE WINGS WILL REACH THIS PLACE—  
YEA, REAR THEIR BROOD ON EARTH'S DEAD FACE.







## THE ROSE OF MIDNIGHT.

(WHAT THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER SAID)

THE MOON IS NOW AN OPENING FLOWER,  
THE SKY A CLIFF OF BLUE.  
THE MOON IS NOW A SILVER ROSE,  
HER POLLEN IS THE DEW

HER POLLEN IS THE MIST THAT SWINGS  
ACROSS HER FACE OF DREAMS;  
HER POLLEN IS THE ROARING RAIN  
FILLING THE APRIL STREAMS.

HER POLLEN IS ETERNAL LIFE,  
ENDLESS AMBROSIAL FOAM.  
IT FEEDS THE SWARMING STARS AND FILLS  
THEIR HEARTS WITH HONEY COMB.

THE EARTH IS BUT A PASSION FLOWER  
WITH BLOOD UPON HIS CROWN  
AND WHAT SHALL FILL HIS FAILING VEINS  
AND LIFT HIS HEAD, BOWED DOWN?

THIS CUP OF PEACE, THIS SILVER ROSE  
BENDING WITH PERFUMED BREATH  
SHALL LIFT THAT PASSION FLOWER, THE EARTH,  
A MILLION TIMES, FROM DEATH







## THE CENSER-MOON

(WHAT THE MERCHANT SAID )

THE MOON IS BUT A CENSER SWUNG  
BY ANGEL HANDS UNSEEN.  
THE EARTH HAS BREATHED THE INCENSE.  
SHE IS THE ANGEL QUEEN.

THE CENSER MAKES HER DRUNK WITH HOPE.  
SHE SEES WITHIN THE SKY  
A WILD DOMINION SHE SHALL CROSS  
RIDING A CHARIOT HIGH.

SUCH HANDS AS SWING THE CENSER  
SHALL GRIP THE CONQUERING STEEL  
AND HEW AND SLAY 'MID DEMON STARS  
BUT AT THE LAST SHALL HEAL.

THEY'LL CAST THE CROWNS OF CONQUERED STARS  
ON THE PROUD QUEEN'S CHARIOT-FLOOR  
AND CRY "THE WHOLE SKY LOVES YOU  
AND THE GREAT DEEP SHALL ADORE."







N.N.L. 1910.

## WHAT MISTER MOON SAID TO ME.

"COME, EAT THE BREAD OF IDLENESS  
COME SIT BESIDE THE SPRING:  
SOME OF THE FLOWERS WILL KEEP AWAKE  
SOME OF THE BIRDS WILL SING

COME, EAT THE BREAD NO MAN HAS SOUGHT  
FOR HALF A HUNDRED YEARS:  
MEN HURRY SO THEY HAVE NO GRIEFS  
NOR EVEN IDLE TEARS:

THEY HURRY SO THEY HAVE NO LOVES:  
THEY CANNOT CURSE NOR LAUGH—  
THEIR HEARTS DIE IN THEIR YOUTH WITH NEITHER  
GRAVE NOR EPITAPH.

MY BREAD WOULD MAKE THEM CARELESS  
AND NEVER QUITE ON TIME—  
THEIR EYELIDS WOULD BE HEAVY  
THEIR FANCIES FULL OF RHYME:  
EACH SOUL A MYSTIC ROSE-TREE  
OR A CURIOUS INCENSE-TREE: ♯ + + ♯

COME, EAT THE BREAD OF IDLENESS."  
SAID MISTER MOON TO ME.



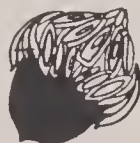




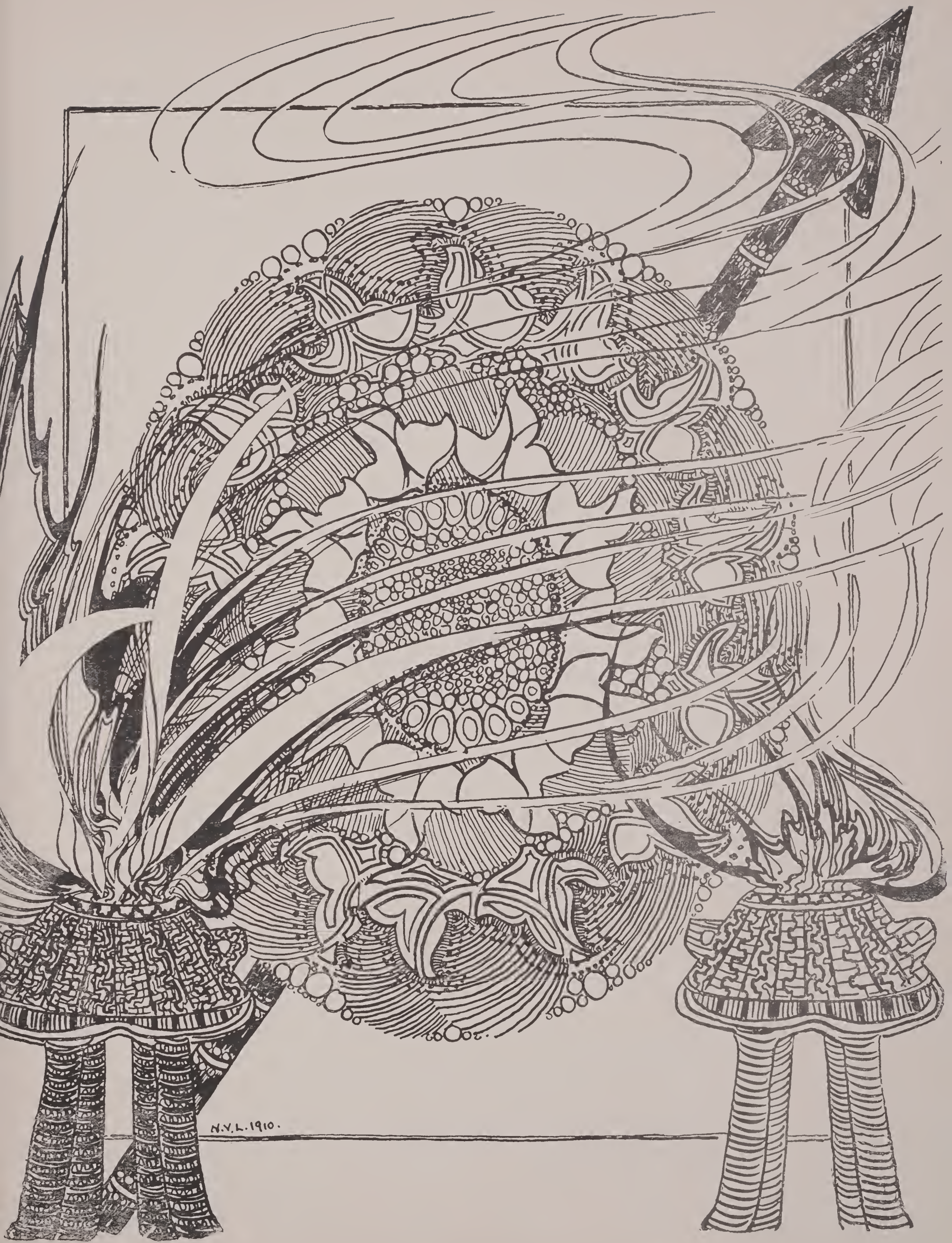
N.V.L. 1910.

## THE SHIELD OF LUCIFER.

I SAW THE SPEAR OF LUCIFER IN A PALACE OF THE SKY.  
I SAW THE GLIMMERING SHIELD HE BORE IN PURPLE DAYS GONE BY.  
DEEP AGES HAD DEPARTED SINCE HE WANDERED INTO NIGHT  
BUT FIRES OF INNOCENCE STILL KEPT THE ARMOR BURNISHED BRIGHT  
UNTENDED STILL, EACH BRAZIER LEAPED WITH CRIMSON, CLEANSING TONGUE—  
A MAGIC PROVIDENCE, A SIGN THAT HEAVEN IS EVER YOUNG;  
A SIGN THAT LUCIFER SHALL RISE AT LAST FROM OUT THE TOMB  
SINGING OF INNOCENCE REGAINED, WITH NEW BORN WINGS ABLOOM;  
WITHIN HIS BREAST THOSE BRAZIER FIRES, WAITING WHERE ONCE HE KNEELED;  
ONCE MORE A WARRIOR FIT TO OWN THAT GLIMMERING PERFECT SHIELD.









# GENESIS.

I WAS BUT A HALF-GROWN BOY.  
YOU WERE A GIRL-CHILD SLIGHT.  
AH, HOW WEARY YOU WERE!  
YOU HAD LED IN THE BULLOCK-FIGHT...  
WE SLEW THE BULLOCK AT LENGTH  
WITH KNIVES AND MACES OF STONE.  
AND SO YOUR FEET WERE TORN,  
YOUR LEAN ARMS BRUISED TO THE BONE.

PERHAPS 'T WAS THE SLAIN BEAST'S BLOOD  
WE DRANK, OR A ROOT WE ATE,  
OR OUR REVELLING EVENING BATH.  
IN THE FALL BY THE GARDEN GATE,  
BUT YOU TURNED TO A WITCHING THING,  
SIDE-GLANCING, AND FRIGHTENED ME;  
YOU PURRED LIKE A PANTHER'S CUB,  
YOU SIGHED LIKE A SHELL FROM THE SEA.

WE KNELT. I CARESSED YOUR HAIR  
BY THE LIGHT OF THE LEAPING FIRE:  
YOUR FIERCE EYES BLINKED WITH SMOKE  
PINE-FUMES, THAT ENHANCED DESIRE.  
I HELPED TO UNBRAID YOUR HAIR  
IN WONDER AND FEAR PROFOUND:  
YOU WERE HUMMING YOUR HUNTING TUNE  
AS IT SWEEPED TO THE GRASSY GROUND.



OUR COMRADES, THE SHAGGY BEAR,  
THE TIGER WITH VELVET FEET,  
THE LION, CREPT TO THE LIGHT  
WHINING FOR BULLOCK MEAT.  
WE FED THEM AND STROKED THEIR NECKS', ....  
THEY TOOK THEIR WAY TO THE FEN  
WHERE THEY HUNTED OR HID ALL NIGHT,  
NO ENEMIES, THEY, OF MEN.



EVIL HAD ENTERED NOT  
THE COBRA, SINCE DEFILED.

HE WATCHED, WHEN THE BEASTS HAD GONE  
OUR KISSING AND SINGING WILD,  
BEAUTIFUL FRIEND HE WAS,  
SAGE, NOT A TEMPTER GRIM.  
MANY A YEAR SHOULD PASS  
ERE SATAN SHOULD ENTER HIM.

HE DANCED WHILE THE EVENING DOVE  
AND THE NIGHTINGALE KEPT IN TUNE.  
I SANG OF THE ANGEL SUN:  
YOU SANG OF THE ANGEL-MOON:  
WE SANG OF THE ANGEL-CHIEF  
WHO BLEW THROUGH THE TREES STRANGE BREATH  
WHO HELPED IN THE HUNT ALL DAY  
AND GRANTED THE BULLOCK'S DEATH.

OH EYE WITH THE FIRE LIT BREAST  
AND CHILD-FACE RED AND WHITE!  
I HEAPED THE GREAT LOGS HIGH!  
THAT WAS OUR BRIDAL NIGHT.

## THE WIZARD IN THE STREET.

((CONCERNING EDGAR POE))

WHO NOW WILL PRAISE THE WIZARD IN THE STREET  
WITH LOYAL SONGS, WITH HUMORS GRAVE AND SWEET;  
THIS "JINGLE MAN", OF STROLLING PLAYERS BORN,  
WHOM HOLY FOLK HAVE HURRIED BY IN SCORN:  
THIS THREADBARE JESTER, NEITHER WISE NOR GOOD  
WITH MELANCHOLY BELLS UPON HIS HOOD?

THE HURRYING GREAT ONES SCORN HIS RAVENS CROAK,  
AND WELL MAY MOCK HIS MYSTIFYING CLOAK,  
INSCRIBED WITH RUNES FROM TONGUES HE HAS NOT READ  
TO MAKE THE IGNORAMUS TURN HIS HEAD.  
THE ARTIFICIAL GLITTER OF HIS EYES  
HAS CAPTURED HALF-GROWN BOYS THEY THINK HIM WISE.  
SOME SHALLOW PLAYER FOLK ESTEEM HIM DEEP --  
SOOTHED BY HIS STEADY WAND'S MESMERIC SWEEP.

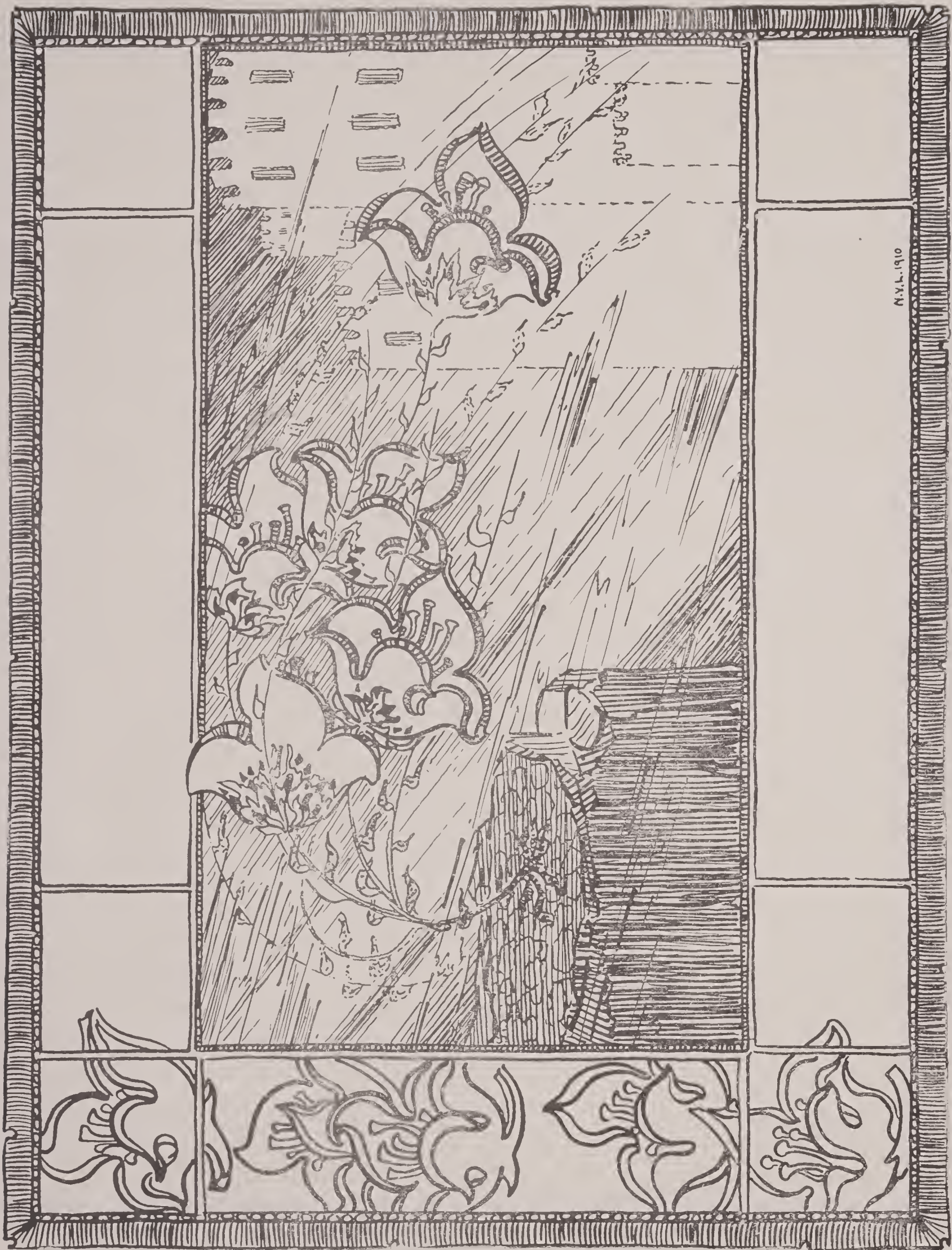
THE LITTLE LACQUERED BOXES IN HIS HANDS  
SOMEHOW SUGGEST OLD TIMES AND REVEREND LANDS;  
FROM THEM DOLL-MONSTERS COME, WE KNOW NOT HOW:  
PUPPETS WITH CAIN'S BLACK RUBRIC ON THE BROW.  
SOME PASSING JUGGLERS, SMILING, NOW CONCEDE  
THAT HIS BEST CABINET-WORK IS MADE INDEED  
BY BLEEDING HIS RIGHT ARM DAY AFTER DAY,  
TRIUMPHANTLY TO SEAL AND TO INLAY.  
THEY PRAISE HIS LITTLE ACT OF SHEDDING TEARS,  
A TRICK WELL LEARNED, WITH PATIENCE, THROUGH THE YEARS.

I LOVE HIM IN THIS BLATANT, WELL FED PLACE.  
OF ALL THE FACES, HIS THE ONLY FACE  
BEAUTIFUL, THOUGH PAINTED FOR THE STAGE,  
LIT UP WITH SONG, THEN TORN WITH COLD, SMALL RAGE,  
SHAMES THAT ARE LIVING, LOVES AND HOPES LONG DEAD,  
CONSUMING PRIDE, AND HUNGER, REAL, FOR BREAD.



HERE BY THE CURB YE PROPHETS THUNDER DEEP,  
"WHAT NATIONS SOW, THEY MUST EXPECT TO REAP!"  
OR HASTE TO CLOTHE THE RACE WITH TRUTH AND POWER,  
WITH HYMNS AND SHOUTS INCREASING EVERY HOUR.  
USEFUL ARE YOU. THERE STANDS THE USELESS ONE  
WHO BUILDS THE HAUNTED PALACE IN THE SUN.  
GOOD TAILORS, CAN YOU DRESS A DOLL FOR ME  
WITH SILKS THAT WHISPER OF THE SOUNDING SEA?  
ONE MOMENT, CITIZENS, THE WEARY TRAMP  
UNVEILETH PSYCHE WITH THE AGATE LAMP.  
WHICH ONE OF YOU CAN SPREAD A SPOTTED CLOAK  
AND RAISE AN UNACCOUNTED INCENSE SMOKE  
UNTIL WITHIN THE TWILIGHT OF THE DAY  
STANDS DARK LIGEIA IN HER DISARRAY,  
WITCHCRAFT AND DESPERATE PASSION IN HER BREATH  
AND BATTLING WILL, THAT CONQUERS EVEN DEATH?

AND NOW THE EVENING GOES. NO MAN HAS THROWN  
THE WEARY DOG HIS WELL EARNED CRUST OR BONE.  
WE GAIN AND HIE US HOME AND GO TO SLEEP,  
OR FEAST LIKE KINGS TILL MIDNIGHT, DRINKING DEEP.  
HE DRANK ALONE FOR SORROW, AND THEN SLEPT,  
AND FEW THERE WERE THAT WATCHED HIM, FEW THAT WEPT.  
HE FOUND THE GUTTER, LOST TO LOVE AND MAN.  
TOO SLOWLY CAME THE GOOD SAMARITAN.





## THE STORM-FLOWER.

THE STORM-FLOWER BLOOMS BY THE OUTER MOAT  
OF MY CASTLE OF LOVE, WHILE THE PERILOUS RAIN  
SHRIEKS AND BEATS AT THE GRANITE WALLS,  
AT THE DOORS, AT EACH THICK WINDOW-PANE.  
BUT IN THE KEEP, STILL, STILL, AND DEEP  
MY SWEET LOVE WAITS IN IVORY ROOMS:  
SHE WEARS NEW SILK FROM FAIRY LOOMS:  
OUR LIPS BURN SWEETLY, WITHOUT FEAR:  
OUR NEST IS STILL, I HEAR HER SIGH,—  
AND WHAT CARE I, IF THE STORM-FLOWER BLOOMS?







## QUIZZICAL SECTION

THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE WHO WILL DISLIKE THE SOBERNESS  
OF THE FIRST IRRELEVANT SECTION. FOR THEM THIS QUIZZICAL  
SECTION IS MADE.









## THE POTATOES' DANCE

DOWN CELLAR, SAID THE CRICKET,  
I SAW A BALL LAST NIGHT  
IN HONOR OF A LADY  
WHOSE WINGS WERE PEARLY-  
WHITE.

THE BREATH OF BITTER WEATHER  
HAD SMASHED THE CELLAR-PANE;  
WE ENTERTAINED A DRIFT OF LEAVES  
AND THEN OF SNOW AND RAIN.  
BUT WE WERE DRESSED FOR WINTER  
AND LOVED TO HEAR IT BLOW  
IN HONOR OF THE LADY  
WHO MAKES POTATOES GROW—  
OUR GUEST, THE IRISH LADY,  
THE TINY IRISH LADY,  
THE FAIRY IRISH LADY,  
THAT MAKES POTATOES GROW.





II.

POTATOES WERE THE WAITERS  
POTATOES WERE THE BAND—  
POTATOES WERE THE DANCERS  
KICKING UP THE SAND:

THEIR LEGS WERE OLD BURNT  
MATCHES.

THEIR ARMS WERE JUST THE  
SAME.

THEY JIGGED AND WHIRLED  
AND SCRAMBLED

IN HONOR OF THE DAME:—

THE NOBLE IRISH LADY  
WHO MAKES POTATOES DANCE;

THE WITTY IRISH LADY,

THE SAUCY IRISH LADY,

THE LAUGHING IRISH LADY,

WHO MAKES POTATOES PRANCE.



III

THERE WAS JUST ONE SWEET  
POTATO.

HE WAS GOLDEN-BROWN AND  
SLIM;

THE LADY LOVED HIS FIGURE.

SHE DANCED ALL NIGHT WITH  
HIM.

ALAS, HE WASN'T IRISH!

SO WHEN SHE FLEW AWAY,

THEY THREW HIM IN THE

COAL-BIN, AND THERE HE IS TODAY.

WHERE THEY CANNOT HEAR

HIS SIGHS —

HIS WEEPING FOR THE LADY

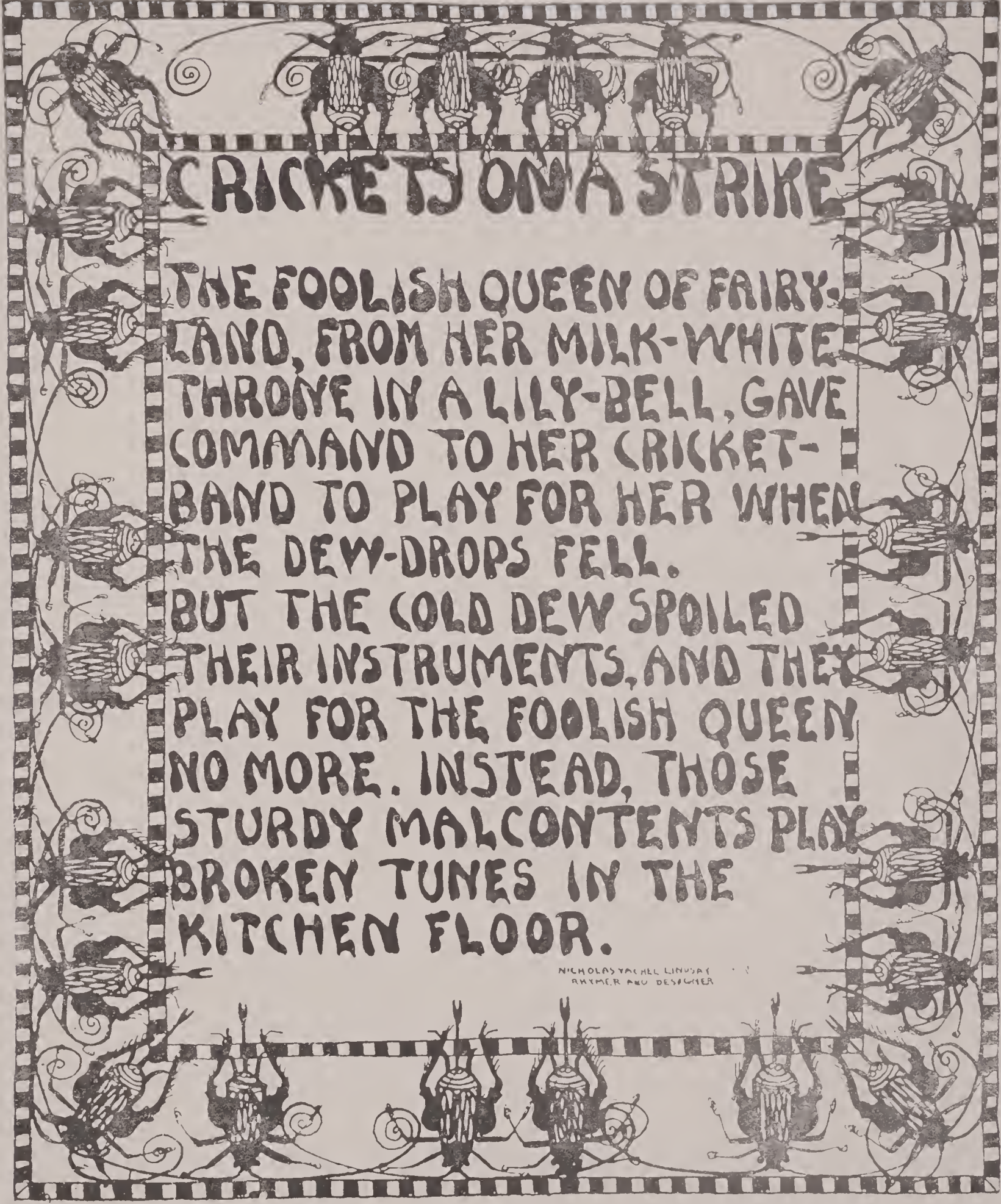
THE BEAUTEOUS IRISH LADY,

THE RADIANT IRISH LADY,

WHO GIVES POTATOES EYES.







## CRICKETS ON A STRIKE

THE FOOLISH QUEEN OF FAIRY-  
LAND, FROM HER MILK-WHITE  
THRONE IN A LILY-BELL, GAVE  
COMMAND TO HER CRICKET-  
BAND TO PLAY FOR HER WHEN  
THE DEW-DROPS FELL.

BUT THE COLD DEW SPOILED  
THEIR INSTRUMENTS, AND THEY  
PLAY FOR THE FOOLISH QUEEN  
NO MORE. INSTEAD, THOSE  
STURDY MALCONTENTS PLAY  
BROKEN TUNES IN THE  
KITCHEN FLOOR.

NICHOLAS YACHEL LINDAE  
RYMER AND DESIGNER





THE SNAIL KING AND  
QUEEN VISIT MAB.





A LITTLE DRYAD.

N.Y.C. 1910.



# THE BEETLES' DREAM.





## QUIZ, OR THE BEETLE'S DREAM.

THE JUNE BUG WAS PROFESSOR IN A FAR OFF NONSENSE COLLEGE  
WHERE HE CAPTIVATED FAIRIES WITH HIS SCRAPS OF FOOLISH KNOWLEDGE.

WITH A QUIZZICAL EXPRESSION, WITH PHRASES FULL OF FIZZ  
HE TAUGHT JUST WHY THE TADPOLES SPLASH AND WHY THE COMETS SIZZ,  
AND WHY THE MOON HANGS ON AT TIMES, ALTHOUGH THE SUN HAS RIZ,  
AND WHY THE BULL FROG CARRIES SUCH A TRAGIC, MAGIC PHIZ,  
AND HOW THE DADDY LONG LEGS HOLDS ALL DIGNITY THERE IS .....  
AND THUS HE TAUGHT THE FAIRIES THE PHILOSOPHY OF QUIZ.

HE'D SAY "I HAD A DREAM THIS NOON, THAT IF YOU UNDERSTOOD  
WOULD MAKE YOU WISE, AND I'D EXPLAIN ITS DETAILS IF I COULD,  
A DREAM OF WHIZZING WHIMSIES, INTERPRETED IN BRIEF:—  
'OF ALL THE HIGH PHILOSOPHIES, QUIZZING IS THE CHIEF' "







"I KNOW YOU,"  
SAID VAGUE  
MRS. BROWN.  
"YOUR WAYS ARE THE TALK OF  
THE TOWN."  
"WHY, WHAT HAVE I DONE,  
MY DEAR HONEY-BUN?"  
"NEVER MIND," SAID VAGUE MRS. BROWN.

## CLOSING SECTION

IN WHICH THE SPECIAL BUSINESS OF  
THE MAGAZINE IS RESUMED







THE VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT PARADE.  
SECTION III.

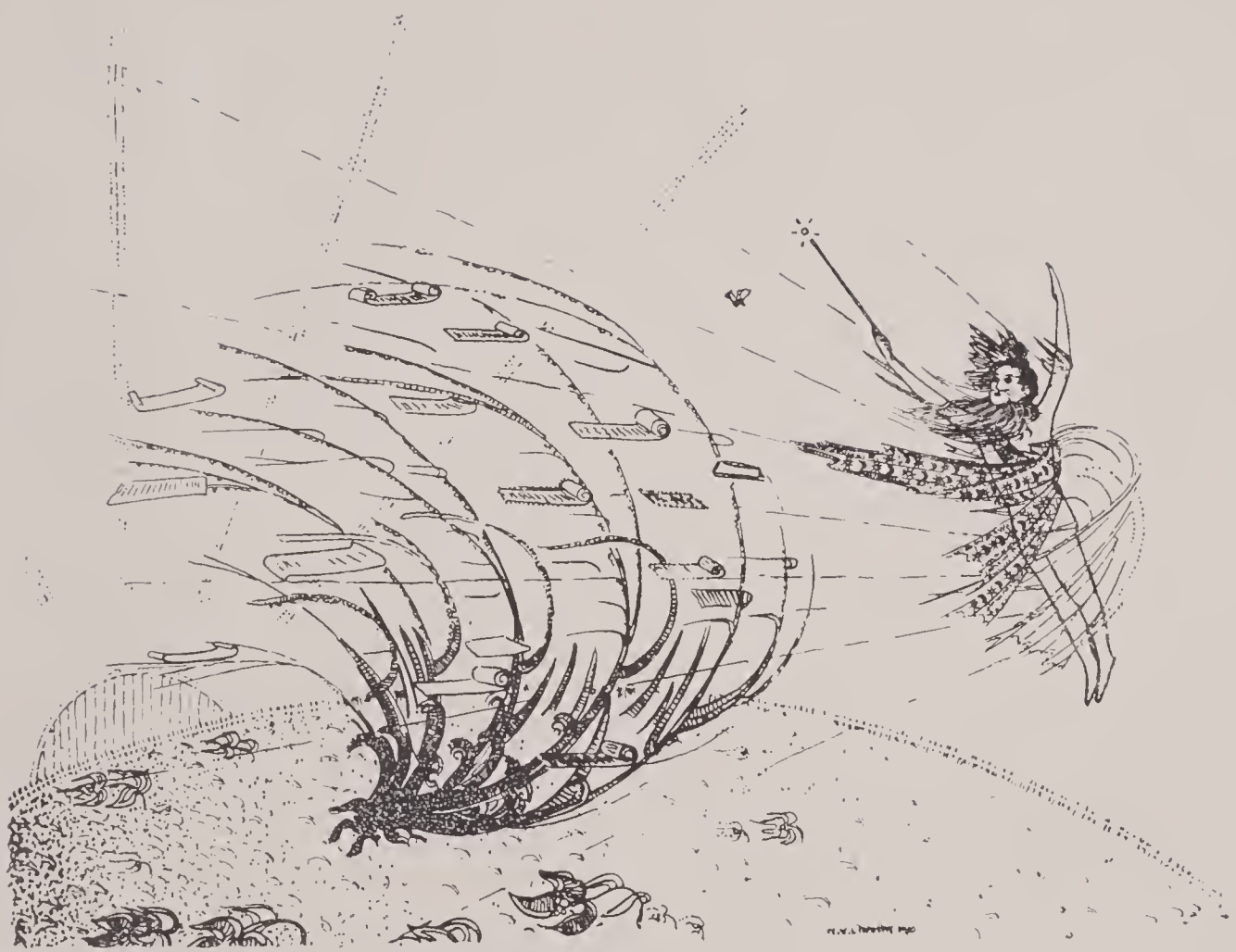
NICHOLAS  
VACHEL LINDSAY



THE VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT  
PARADE SECTION IV.

NICHOLAS  
VACHEL  
LINDSAY  
1910





## THE WIZARD WIND.

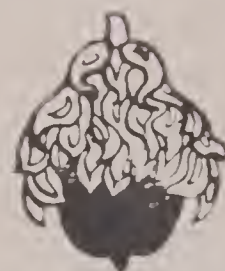
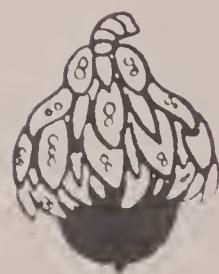
THE WIZARD WIND'S A FRIEND OF MINE — MOST INTIMATE IN TRUTH!  
HE WHISTLES SORROW HALF AWAY, HE GIVES ME GOLDEN YOUTH.  
AND FREE AS THAT SMALL BIRD THAT EATS THE WHEAT EAR IN THE SHEAF  
I AM NO LONGER MAN, BUT CLOUD, OR TUMBLED MAPLE LEAF.  
ONCE HE TRANSFORMED ME TO A BEE, HUNGRY FOR HONEY DEW.  
HE BLEW ME TO A WINDLAND BUSH; WITH SPEED AND JOY WE FLEW.  
THE GREAT BUSH BLOOMED WITH PARCHMENTS FINE, OF SONGS THAT FEED THE SOUL,  
ALL NEW, THAT OUR DEAR EARTH SHALL HEAR, WHEN POETS REACH THEIR GOAL:  
WHEN OUR GROWN CHILDREN, BREATHING FIRE SHALL JUSTIFY ALL TIME  
BY HYMNS OF LIVING SILVER, SONGS WITH SUNRISE IN THE RHYME.  
I WISH THAT I HAD LEARNED BY HEART SOME LYRICS READ THAT DAY.  
I KNEW NOT 'T WAS A GIANT HOUR, AND SPENT IT ALL IN PLAY.  
WINDLAND GLEAMS SO DEWY-WHITE, SO FULL OF CRYSTAL PEACE!  
AND EVERY LEAF A SILKEN HARP, WHOSE MURMURS WILL NOT CEASE!  
I GORGED THE HONEY FROM THE CUPS OF WILD FLOWERS ALL ABOUT;  
LAUGHING WHEN THE WIZARD LAUGHED AND PUT THE GNATS TO ROUT.  
I READ ONCE MORE, THEN SLEPT AWHILE, THEN WOKE ON EARTH AGAIN.  
I WISH THOSE SCROLLS WERE MINE, THAT I MIGHT BRING THEM UNTO MEN.  
I WISH THE VILLAGE MAGAZINE HELD ONLY SONGS AS RARE  
EACH WORD A SPIRIT-WONDERLAND OF PERFUME FIRE AND AIR.



## THE ILLINOIS VILLAGE.

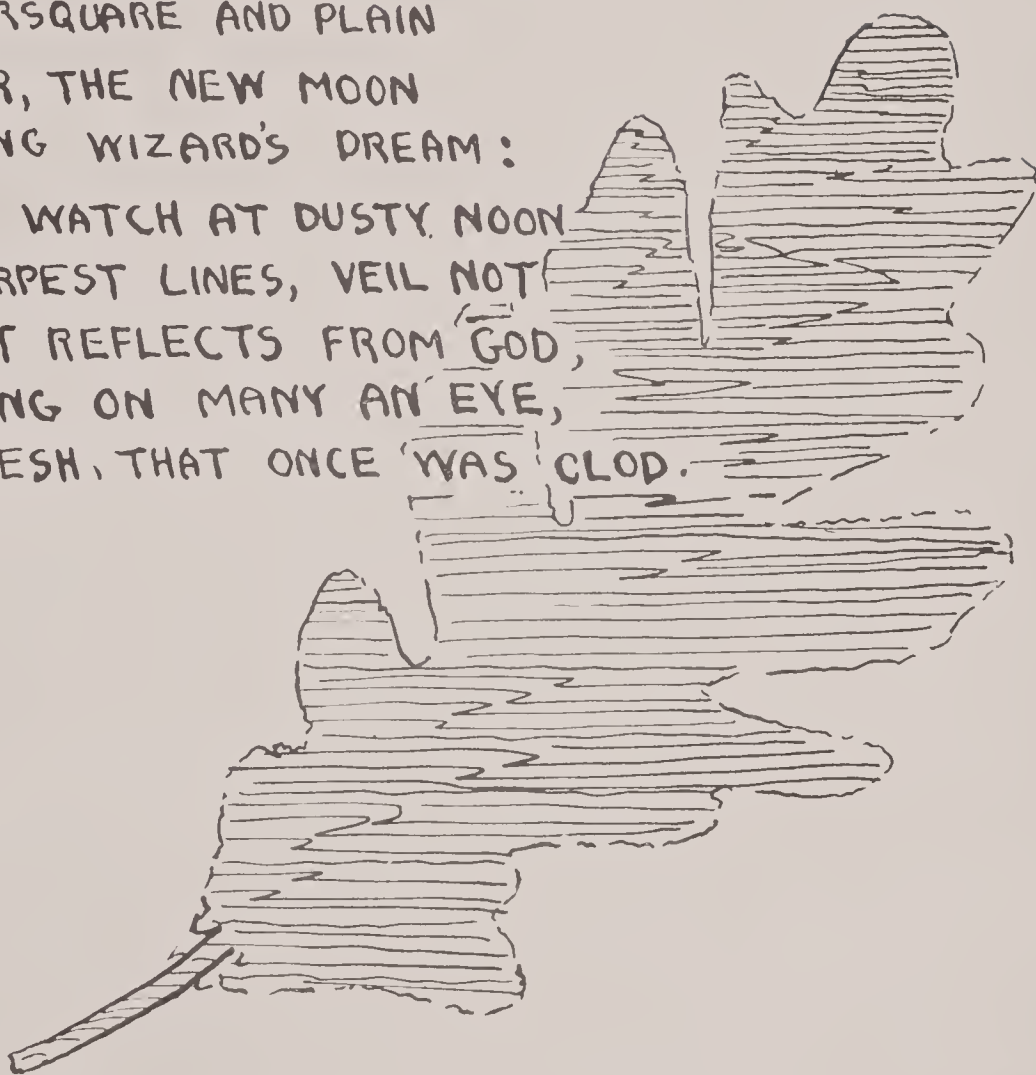
OH YOU WHO LOSE THE ART OF HOPE  
WHOSE TEMPLES SEEM TO SHINE A LIE,  
WHOSE SIDEWALKS ARE BUT STONES OF FEAR,  
WHO WEEP THAT LIBERTY MUST DIE :—  
TURN TO THE LITTLE PRAIRIE TOWNS  
YOUR HIGHER HOPE SHALL YET BEGIN.  
ON EVERY SIDE AWAITS YOU THERE  
SOME GATE WHERE GLORY ENTERS IN.

YET WHEN I SEE THE FLOCKS OF GIRLS  
WATCHING THE SUNDAY TRAIN GO THROUGH  
(AS THOUGH THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD WENT BY)  
WITH EYES THAT LONG TO TRAVEL TOO;  
I SIGH, DESPITE MY SOUL MADE GLAD  
BY CLOUDY DRESSES AND BROWN HAIR,  
SIGH FOR THE SWEET LIFE WRENCHED AND TORN  
BY THUNDERING COMMERCE, FIERCE AND BARE.  
NYMPHS OF THE WHEAT THESE GIRLS SHOULD BE;  
KINGS OF THE GROVE, THEIR LOVERS STRONG.  
WHY ARE THEY NOT CREATIVE MEN?  
THIS BEAUTY CALLS FOR VALIANT SONG,—  
FOR MEN TO CARVE THESE FAIRY FORMS  
AND FACES IN A FOUNTAIN FRIEZE;  
DANCERS THAT OWN IMMORTAL HOURS;  
PAINTERS THAT WORK UPON THEIR KNEES,  
MAIDS, LOVERS, FRIENDS, SO DEEP IN LIFE  
SO DEEP IN LOVE AND POETS' DEEDS  
THE RAILROAD IS A THING DISOWNED,  
THE CITY BUT A FIELD OF WEEDS.





WHO CAN PASS A VILLAGE CHURCH  
BY NIGHT IN THESE CLEAN PRAIRIE LANDS  
WITHOUT A GUSH OF SPIRIT POWER?  
SO WHITE AND FIXED AND COOL IT STANDS —  
A THING FROM SOME STRANGE FAIRY TOWN,  
A PIOUS AMARANTHINE FLOWER,  
UNSULLIED BY THE WINDS, AS PURE  
AS JADE OR MARBLE, WROUGHT THIS HOUR.  
RURAL IN FORM, FOURSQUARE AND PLAIN  
AND YET OUR SISTER, THE NEW MOON  
MAKES IT A PRAYING WIZARD'S DREAM:  
THE TREES THAT WATCH AT DUSTY NOON  
BREAKING ITS SHARPEST LINES, VEIL NOT  
THE WHITENESS IT REFLECTS FROM GOD,  
FLASHING LIKE SPRING ON MANY AN EYE,  
MAKING CLEAN FLESH, THAT ONCE WAS CLOD.



WHO CAN PASS A DISTRICT SCHOOL  
WITHOUT THE HOPE THAT THERE MAY WAIT  
SOME BABY HEART THE BOOKS SHALL FLAME  
WITH ZEAL TO MAKE HIS PLAYMATES GREAT,  
TO MAKE THE WHOLE WIDE VILLAGE GLEAM,  
A STRANGELY CARVED, CELESTIAL GEM  
ETERNAL IN ITS BEAUTY LIGHT,  
THE ARTISTS' TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.





## ON THE BUILDING OF SPRINGFIELD.

LET NOT OUR TOWN BE LARGE --- REMEMBERING  
THAT LITTLE ATHENS WAS THE MUSES' HOME,  
THAT OXFORD RULES THE HEART OF LONDON STILL,  
THAT FLORENCE GAVE THE RENAISSANCE TO ROME.

RECORD IT FOR THE GRANDSON OF YOUR SON ---  
A CITY IS NOT BUILT IN A DAY;  
OUR LITTLE TOWN CANNOT COMPLETE HER SOUL  
TILL COUNTLESS GENERATIONS PASS AWAY.

NOW LET EACH CHILD BE JOINED AS TO A CHURCH  
TO HER PERPETUAL HOPES, EACH MAN ORDAINED;  
LET EVERY STREET BE MADE A REVERENT AISLE  
WHERE MUSIC GROWS, AND BEAUTY IS UNCHAINED.

LET SCIENCE AND MACHINERY AND TRADE  
BE SLAVES OF HER, AND MAKE HER ALL IN ALL ---  
BUILDING AGAINST OUR BLATANT, RESTLESS TIME  
AN UNSEEN, SKILLFUL, MEDIAEVAL WALL.

LIKE NUREMBERG AGAINST THE ROBBER KNIGHTS  
LET HER KEEP OUT THE WEALTH BEGET OF SENSE --  
PUTTING HER BAN UPON THE STUPID TOYS  
OF PRIVATE GREED, AND GREASY ARROGANCE

LET EVERY CITIZEN BE RICH TOWARD GOD.  
LET CHRIST, THE BEGGAR TEACH DIVINITY -  
LET NO MAN RULE WHO HOLDS HIS MONEY DEAR.  
LET THIS, OUR CITY, BE OUR LUXURY.

WE SHOULD BUILD PARKS THAT STUDENTS FROM AFAR  
WOULD CHOOSE TO STARVE IN, RATHER THAN GO HOME  
FAIR LITTLE SQUARES, WITH PHIDIAN ORNAMENT ---  
FOOD FOR THE SPIRIT, MILK AND HONEYCOMB.



SONGS SHALL BE SONG BY US IN THAT GOOD DAY --

SONGS WE HAVE WRITTEN -- BLOOD WITHIN THE RHYME  
BEATING, AS WHEN OLD ENGLAND STILL WAS GLAD,  
THE PURPLE, RICH ELIZABETHAN TIME.

SAY, IS MY PROPHECY TOO FAIR AND FAR?

I ONLY KNOW, UNLESS HER FAITH BE HIGH,

THE SOUL OF THIS, OUR NINEVEH IS DOOMED,

OUR LITTLE BABYLON WILL SURELY DIE.

SOME CITY ON THE BREAST OF ILLINOIS

NO WISER AND NO BETTER AT THE START

BY FAITH SHALL RISE REDEEMED, BY FAITH SHALL RISE

BEARING THE WESTERN GLORY IN HER HEART: --

THE GENIUS OF THE MAPLE, ELM AND OAK,

THE SECRET HIDDEN IN EACH GRAIN OF CORN --

THE GLORY THAT THE PRAIRIE ANGELS SING

AT NIGHT WHEN SONS OF LIFE AND LOVE ARE BORN

BORN BUT TO STRUGGLE, SQUALID AND ALONE,

BROKEN AND WANDERING IN THEIR EARLY YEARS,

WHEN WILL THEY MAKE OUR DUSTY STREETS THEIR COIL,

WITHIN OUR ATTICS HIDE THEIR SACRED TEARS?

WHEN WILL THEY START OUR VULGAR BLOOD ATRILL

WITH LIVING LANGUAGE, WORDS THAT SET US FREE?

WHEN WILL THEY MAKE A PATH OF BEAUTY CLEAR

BETWEEN OUR RICHES AND OUR LIBERTY?

WE MUST HAVE MANY LINCOLN-HEARTED MEN --

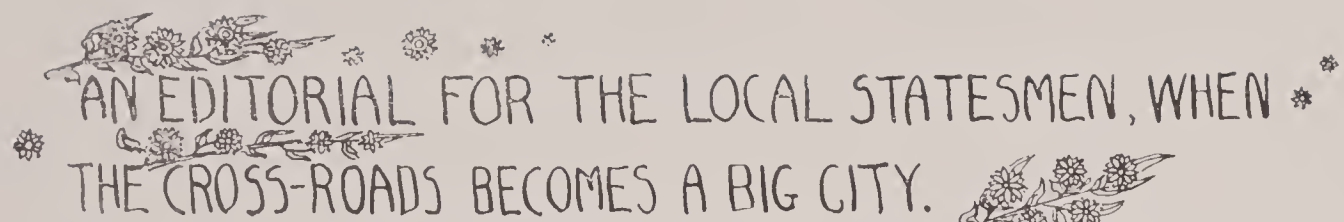
A CITY IS NOT BUILT IN A DAY --

AND THEY MUST DO THEIR WORK, AND COME AND GO




WHILE COUNTLESS GENERATIONS PASS AWAY.







## AN EDITORIAL FOR THE LOCAL STATESMEN, WHEN THE CROSS-ROADS BECOMES A BIG CITY.

SOME DAY THE PLACE OUTGROWS ITSELF. SOME DAY THEY CEASE FIGHTING ABOUT THE MAYOR'S HENS, THAT SCRATCHED THE  
CAPTIST MINISTER'S FLOWER BED, AND LEGISLATING ABOUT THE HITCHRAILS AROUND THE PUBLIC SQUARE. THE MAYOR BUYS  
HIS CHICKEN. THE HITCHRAILS ARE GONE FOREVER. THE TOWN ALSO OUTLIVES A PART OF THAT SPONTANEOUS BLOOM WHICH  
THIS BOOK SEEKS TO CHERISH; AND THE HONORABLE DELIBERATION WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE THE BASIS OF A TRUE PHIL-  
OSOPHY, THE LEISURE WHICH MIGHT HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO CLASSIC DESIGN, ARE SEEMINGLY DESTROYED BY THE STRIDENCIES  
OF TRADE AND GRAFT, THE CHURCHES NOW HAVE COMPETITION IN TEMPLES FRANKLY DEDICATED TO MDLOCK AND INSANITY;  
MAMMON, ASTARTE AND ALL THEIR ABOMINATIONS.  THOUGH THE PLACE SEEMS A SMALL CHICAGO TRIMMED IN BRASS,  
IT IS NOT COMPLETELY DESTROYED. I HAVE OFTEN BEEN THRILLED AND COMFORTED BY HEARING NATIVES DESCRIBE OUR  
SPRINGFIELD, FOR INSTANCE, AS "A LITTLE, OVERGROWN COUNTRY TOWN." AS LONG AS SUCH IS THE CASE, SHE IS STILL  
AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS, AND CAN TURN FROM THE BROAD ROAD THAT LEADETH TO CHICAGO, AND TAKE THE NARROW  
ONE THAT LEADETH TO GREEN FIELDS AND MYSTERY, AND ETERNAL LIFE.  YET WAIT. IT SEEMS TO ME I HAVE HEARD  
EVEN CHICAGO DESCRIBED AS "A LITTLE OVERGROWN COUNTRY TOWN." AS LONG AS SUCH IS HER CASE, IN ANY PHASE OF  
HER LIFE, WE CAN HOPE ON. LET HER CONTROLLING CITIZENS VISIT THE VILLAGES WHENCE THEY CAME, AND SURPRISE  
THEMSELVES WITH THE GROWING SPIRITUAL TREASURES THERE. THEN LET THEM CONSIDER HOW SUCH GRACE CAN ABOUND  
IN CHICAGO. 

## WHAT THE GREAT CITY SAID.

GOD, OUR FATHER PITIES US  
AND SHIELDS US WITH HIS WILL.  
HE HAS UNPENT HIS LOVE TONIGHT  
OUR DROWSING EYELIDS THRILL  
WITH THE TOUCH OF HIS SLEEVE  
THE KISS OF HIS LIPS  
AND HALF OUR SOBS ARE STILL.  
WE KNOW HIS LOVE  
AND YET WE DREAM  
THAT THERE ARE THINGS HE FEARS;  
THE RAINS THAT BEAT UPON HIS DOOR  
ARE DYING ANGELS' TEARS;  
HE SEES SOME NEW-MADE EVIL CROWN  
HAS OVER-ARCHED THE SKY,  
HE HEARS THE CRASH OF CRUEL WAR  
WITH A POWER THAT WILL NOT DIE;  
THE POWER WHO RULES THE CHAOS  
OF THE HIGH BITTER SEA —  
THE WORM, WHO SEEKS AN ENDLESS REIGN  
IN EVERY HUMAN BREAST AND BRAIN;  
OUR EYES BEHOLD HIS IRON CROWN  
THAT RULES THE BITTER SEA.

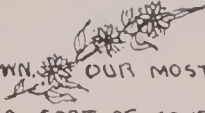

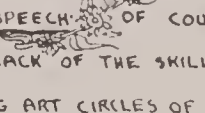
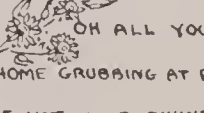
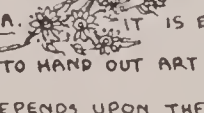
GOD CANNOT HEAL THE SERPENT WOUNDS  
THAT MAIM OUR FEEBLE HANDS,  
THOUGH NOW HE BENDS ABOVE US  
AND HIDES THE SERPENT LANDS.  
HE CAN ONLY KISS OUR WEARY EYES  
TO A HALF-DREAM, AWHILE.  
LET US BE BRAVE, FOR HE IS BRAVE,  
AND EVEN NOW CAN SMILE.



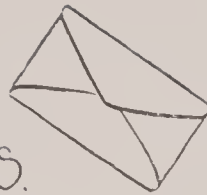
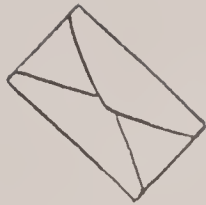


## AN EDITORIAL FOR THE ART STUDENT WHO HAS RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE.

NO MATTER WHAT Y. "R STUDY, IF YOU PURSUED IT TO THE BITTER END, YOU FOUND YOURSELF LURED FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK. THENCE YOU WERE LED ON TO LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN OR MUNICH. THE ONLY THING THAT COULD HOLD YOU BACK WAS LACK OF FUNDS. ASSUMING YOU WENT THIS PATH, AS SO MANY OF MY ACQUAINTANCES HAVE DONE YOU FINALLY FOUND YOURSELF IN CULTURE, A CITIZEN OF EUROPE. THE FIRST TWO SENTENCES OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS ARE GRAVEN ON EVERY NATIVE SOUL. SO YOU HAVE COME BACK ALL THE WAY TO THE OLD HOME. MANY GOOD PATRIOTS, NOT KNOWING THE TREASURES ACCUMULATING AT THE CROSSROADS SINCE THEY LEFT, HAVE COMPROMISED ON NEW YORK OR CHICAGO. THEY ARE AN EXAMPLE TO YOU IN YOUR HOURS OF DEFEAT, FOR THEY ARE HAPPY IN THE CITIES. MANY SENSITIVE FELLOWS KEEP LAUGHING, THOUGH THEY USE ALL THEIR STRENGTH TO PRODUCE DELICATE, HIGHLY WROUGHT WORK. TO BE TRUE TO DEMOCRACY IS ALSO THEIR TASK, AS THEY KNOW. THEY FAIL, BUT SMILE. IT IS INDEED DIFFICULT TO DISCOVER THE TASTE OF THE MAN IN THE STREET. HE SEEMS, FROM THE STANDPOINT OF CULTURE, TO BE A MECHANICAL TOY, AMUSED BY CLOCKWORK. HE IS CLIPPED TO A TERRIBLE UNIFORMITY BY THE SHARP EDGES OF LIFE, HE KNOWS WHO WON THE LAST BASE BALL GAME AND WHO MAY BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT. HE KNOWS THE NAMES OF THE GRAND OPERA SINGERS HE HAS HEARD ON THE PHONOGRAPH. HE TURNS OVER LUXURIOUSLY IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS SOUL THE TUNES HE HAS HEARD ON THE SELF PLAYING PIANO IN FRONT OF THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. HE WILL READ A POEM IF IT IS TELEGRAPHED ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WITH A GOOD NEWSPAPER STORY TO START IT. ALL OF HIS THINKING IS DONE BY TELEGRAPH AND FANCIES THAT ARE TOO DELICATE TO BE EXPRESSED BY THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT SELDOM REACH HIM. DOMINATED BY A SWITCHBOARD CIVILIZATION, HE MOVES IN GROOVES FROM ONE CLOCKWORK SPLENDOR TO ANOTHER. HE READS THE SAME SET OF MAGAZINES FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO. THE MAGAZINES ARE GREAT. YET THEY MAKE FOR UNIFORMITY. WHAT A TASK THEN HAS THE CONSCIENTIOUS ART-DEMOCRAT, TO FIND THE INDIVIDUAL, DELICATE, IMMORTAL SOUL OF THIS CREATURE, DRESSED IN A HART, SCHAFFNER-AND MARX SUIT AND TRYING TO LOOK JUST LIKE A HART, SCHAFFNER-AND MARX ADVERTISEMENT! FOR THE MOST PART THE REALLY TRAINED MAN CAN FIND LITTLE COMMON GROUND. WHEN POE'S POEMS WENT THE ROUNDS OF THE NEWSPAPERS, WHEN THE WORLD'S FAIR STIRRED THE LAND FOR A SEASON, WHEN THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE HAD HIS TRIUMPH, WHEN MARKHAM FOR A MOMENT WAS HEARD, DEMOCRACY AND ART SEEMED TO MEET. BUT THINK OF THE THOUSANDS OF ENTERPRISES JUST AS FINE, BUT LACKING ADVERTISING VALUE, OR MERE SIZE, THAT HAVE BEEN SCORNFULLY IGNORED BY MISTER HART, SCHAFFNER AND MARK! THEY WERE POURED FORTH WITH JOY; BY THE EUROPEAN STANDARD THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN IMMORTAL. BY OUR RELENTLESS STANDARD, WHICH WE CAN NEVER ESCAPE, THEY ARE VALUELESS AS THE DOLLAR BILLS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. THE CITY CRAFTSMEN WHO HAVE REALLY EMBRACED THE PROBLEM OF THE MOB, DETERMINED TO BE MASTERS WHETHER THEY ARE ORTHODOX OR NOT, ARE TO BE COMMENDED. THEY ARE ON THE WHOLE AS WELL PLACED AS THE VILLAGE DESIGNER, BUT NO MORE SO. IT IS A NOBLE THING TO BUILD A SUCCESSFUL SKYSCRAPER. BUT THERE WILL BE THE SAME ART LAUGHTER IN YOUR HEART IF YOU GIVE SOME GRACE TO THE WHEAT ELEVATOR AT THE WAY-STATION. ONCE IN A WHILE AN O. HENRY BECOMES A STORY WRITER, STILL REMAINING A JOURNALIST, EXQUISITELY COMBINING THE TWO. BUT IT IS JUST AS EXQUISITE AND MERITORIOUS A THING TO EDIT THE

FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT AT LEWISTOWN.  OUR MOST CONSPICUOUS ADVERTISING AND MAGAZINE ARTISTS, MEN OF IMMENSE INGENUITY TURN OUT A SORT OF COVER DESIGN THAT COULD BE STEPPED ON BY A FIRE-ENGINE HORSE, SHOT THROUGH BY CURRENTS FROM AN ELECTRIC CHAIR, RUN THROUGH A ROLLING MILL, PUSHED OFF A TOWER OR BAKED IN A PIE AND COME OUT STILL SINGING, LIKE THE FOUR AND TWENTY BLACK-BIRDS. AND IN ALL SERIOUSNESS THIS WORK HAS CHANCES TO SURVIVE THE CENTURIES, ALONG WITH THE PYRAMIDS BECAUSE IT EXPRESSES PRECISELY THE MOOD OF HIGH-CLASS-READY-MADE-CLOTHING-DEMOCRACY. IT IS JUST LIKE CHICAGO, WHERE ADAMS MEETS RANDOLPH STREET. IT IS AS NEAR TO HISTORY AS ANYTHING WRITTEN BY IDA TARBELL.  WE WHO WANT TO BE DEMOCRATS, YET AVOID THESE PHASES, HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY IN THE CROSS-ROADS THAT GAVE US BIRTH. THERE WE CAN BE TRUE TO GRANDFATHER'S LOG CABIN AND AT THE SAME TIME REMEMBER THE ERECTHEUM AND THE TEMPLE OF NIKKO. THERE WE MEET THE REAL CITIZEN, THREE GENERATIONS BEFORE HE IS HOOKED OUT INTO A MECHANICAL TOY. HIS CRUDITY IS PLAIN, BUT HIS DELICACY IS APPARENT ALSO. HIS SOUND CULTURE-TENDENCIES AND FALSE TENDENCIES CAN BE SORTED OUT. AT HOME WE ENCOUNTER INSTITUTIONS JUST BEGINNING TO BLOOM, ABSOLUTELY DEMOCRATIC, YET SILKEN AND RICH; NO TWO VILLAGES QUITE ALIKE, ALL WITH CHANCES OF DEVELOPING INTENSE UNIQUENESS, WHILE ALL THE BEST OF AMERICA SPEAKS ONE IRON SPEECH.  OF COURSE STAYING AT HOME HAS ITS DRAWBACKS, YOUR WORK GOES DOWN, TECHNICALLY, THROUGH LACK OF THE SKILLED CRITICISM YOU ONCE KNEW. YOU LOSE SOME CHANCES OF RECOGNITION FROM THE GROWING ART CIRCLES OF THE METROPOLIS. BUT YOUR LIFE IS NOW THOROUGHLY DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL IN TASTE. YOU ARE ENGAGED IN A JOYOUS CIVIL WAR TESTING WHETHER YOUR WORK, OR ANY WORK SO CONCEIVED AND SO DEDICATED CAN LONG ENDURE. JUST AS MUCH REAL CIVILIZATION HANGS UPON YOUR SUCCESS, AS HUNG UPON THE FIGHTING OF THE PRIVATE SOLDIER AT GETTYSBURG.  OH ALL YOU STUDENTS THAT I HAVE LOVED, WHOSE WORK I HAVE ENVILOUSLY ADMIRER, WHO ARE NOW BACK HOME GRUBBING AT PORTRAITS, THOUGH THEY ARE NOT YOUR SPECIALTY; OR DESIGNING BILLBOARDS, THOUGH THEY ARE NOT YOUR DIVINE CALL; OR ACTING ON THE COMMITTEE TO PAPER THE CHURCH AND BUYING BAD PAPER TO PLEASE THEM; OR BACK ON THE HOME NEWSPAPER THAT WILL NOT OFTEN PRINT YOUR SHORT NOVELS; OR SINGING IN THE OLD CHOIR FOR NO SALARY AT ALL; OR COMPOSING ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE REAL ESTATE OFFICE AND NEGLECTING YOUR LYRICS; OR TAKING CHARGE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ORCHESTRA AND CURING THEM OF THE MOODY-SANKEY HABIT — GREETING, AND GOD-SPEED TO YOU! IF YOU HAVE ANY CHERISHED BEAUTY-ENTERPRISE, UNDERTAKE IT WHERE YOU ARE. YOU WILL FIND NO BETTER PLACE IN ALL AMERICA.  IT IS EASIER FOR ME TO PREACH THAN TO CUT THE GRASS IN MY OWN FRONT YARD. IT IS EASIER TO HAND OUT ART ADVICE, THAN TO MAKE A FIRST RATE IRRELEVANT SECTION. MAYBE THE INTEREST OF THIS WORK DEPENDS UPON THE IRRELEVANT DEPARTMENTS, YET THERE AS ELSEWHERE MY LETTERING IS RUDE, MY DRAWING THIN, MY VERSE UNEVEN. HOWEVER CASUAL THE MAGAZINE, I HOPE YOU LIKE IT. OH GAME AND JOYOUS CRAFTSMAN, IT IS LIKELY THAT I WILL ENJOY WHATEVER YOU ATTEMPT THAT COMES UNDER MY EYE. WHETHER YOU ARE MAKING A PICTURE OR A BOOK, A NEWSPAPER A TOMBSTONE OR A STATUE, A PARK, A SKATING RINK OR A WORLD'S FAIR, I WILL GRANT YOU YOUR THESIS, ACCEPT YOUR INTENTION, LAUGH AT YOUR JOKE, FROWN AT YOUR SERMON, FIND LIGHT WHERE YOUR ECSTASY IS RECORDED, FORM WHERE THE LOVE OF FORM IS SHOWN, LINE WHERE LINE BEGINS TO DISPLAY ITS POWER, AND COLOR WHERE THE EDGE OF THE RAINBOW BEGINS TO GLEAM.



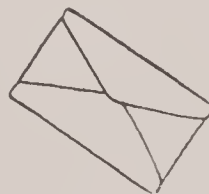
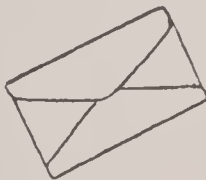
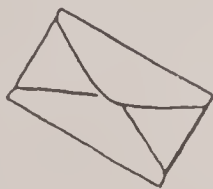


## A CALL FOR LETTERS.

THE LESS YOU AGREE WITH THE UNDERLINED PARTS OF THE ADDRESS TO THE ART-STUDENT, THE MORE THE PERPETRATOR WILL BE PLEASED. DO HIM THE SERVICE TO ANALYZE YOUR OBJECTIONS, AND WRITE THEM OUT. BE EXPLICIT: FIRSTLY, SECONOLY, THIRDLY AND TENTHLY. HE WILL WELCOME ESSAYS TEN PAGES LONG. THE EDITOR WANTS YOUR NOTION OF A VISIBLE CIVILIZATION. HE HOPES TO EXPAND THOSE PROPOSITIONS IN THE ART STUDENT EDITORIAL TO A TREATISE OF MUCH GREATER LENGTH, RECONSTRUCTED, TO MEET GOOD CRITICS HALF WAY. THE EDITOR WILL TAKE THE SAME PAINS AND PLEASURE, IN CLASSIFYING AND STUDYING THE LETTERS, THAT HE HAS IN PRODUCING THE PRESENT MAGAZINE. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE SUSPECTS THAT AN AMPLE REPLY FROM HIS READERS IS THE MAIN SOBER JUSTIFICATION FOR THUS MUCH PRINTERS INK. THIS IS, OF COURSE, THE FIRST AND LAST NUMBER OF THE VILLAGE MAGAZINE. THE EDITOR HOPES TO MAKE HIS NEXT ESSAY NOT ONLY A REPLY TO YOUR EVERY LETTER, BUT A TREATISE RIPE ENOUGH TO WIN PUBLICATION IN THE CONVENTIONAL WAYS.



BAD HABITS ARE STUBBORN. BUT THE VILLAGE MAGAZINE IS POSSIBLY THE EDITORS LAST GRATUITOUS TRACT, HIS FAREWELL APPEARANCE AS AN ISHMAELITE.





## THE AIRSHIP OF THE MIND.



WITHIN THE AIRSHIP, OF THE MIND WE RIDE  
ABOVE OUR LAND, BOUND DOWN FROM COAST TO COAST  
BY ONE STRONG NET OF RAILROAD IRON AND WIRE.

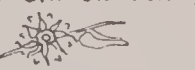
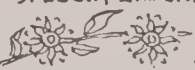

WE WATCH IF MEN OR MOTORS HURRY MOST.

ALL OF THE THINKING DONE BY TELEGRAPH!

GREAT TOWNS ONE SHOUT OF SPEED AND BRAVERY!

NO GROUP OF STATES SUFFICIENT TO ITSELF!

THEY SPEAK ONE SPEECH, ENDURE ONE SLAVERY!



OUR SHIP IS MADE, - NOT FROM THE IRON AND WIRE,

NOT 'MID THE SHRIEKING, SLAVERY AND GRIME,

NOT FROM THE MOTORS, MOST INGENIOUS THINGS

OF ALL THE QUAIN'T DEVICES BORN OF TIME:

THE SHIP IS MADE FROM ALL THE BLENDED SONGS

OF ALL THE HIDDEN CHOIRS OF COUNTRY MAIDS,

FROM COBWEBS GATHERED IN THE HARVEST FIELDS,

FROM FERN DEW DRIPPING IN FORGOTTEN GLADES,

FROM VIOLETS GATHERED BY THE OLD STATE ROAD,

FROM WEDDING DRESSES OF THE VILLAGE BRIDES,

FROM HOURS WHEN SPRING'S SHARP BEAUTY BREAKS THE HEART,

FROM DAYS WHEN SWEET RELIGION COMES IN TIDES: —

VAGUE TREASURES THESE, YET IN THEMSELVES WIDE WINGS

TO LIFT ALL MEN, AND TO THAT END DESIGNED.

FROM SUCH FRAIL SPIRIT-MOTORS THOUGHT WILL COME,

PEACE, AND THE SWAN-WHITE AIRSHIP OF THE MIND.





# THE MILKWEED, THE SUNFLOWER AND THE ROBIN.

THE OUTLAWED MILKWEED BY THE CREEK  
SCATTERING THOSE SOFT PLUMES OF DOWN  
PROCLAIMS "THIS TOWN SHOULD BE OF SILK."  
THE SUNFLOWER SAYS "A BLAZING CROWN  
THIS TOWN SHOULD WEAR." THE ROBIN CALLS:  
"LET THE TOWN HALL DELIGHT THE SUN,  
STRENGTH GIVING, LOVING, FIERY, STRONG!  
AZION WHERE HIGH DEEDS ARE DONE!"



# CONCERNING THE ACORNS ON THE COVER, AND THROUGH THE BOOK.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW,"  
EACH ACORN IS A MAGAZINE  
OF LEAVES AND TWIGS IN EMBRYO;  
THE STORMIEST FOREST EVER SEEN  
WAS ONCE A HICKORY NUT OR SO,  
A MAPLE SEED SOME BIRD LET GO,  
A BITTER ACORN, BROWN AND GREEN.

MAYBE THIS VILLAGE MAGAZINE  
WILL SOME VAST TREE OF FANCY BRING  
WHEN YOU AND I ON CRUTCHES LEAN,  
GROWN GRAY AND LOST TO EVERYTHING.

DOWN DROPS THE ACORN, HARD AND MEAN.  
LET GOOD KINE EAT IT IF THEY WILL,  
LET SWINE AND SWINEHERDS DEEM IT SWEET,  
LET FAIRIES NIBBLE IT, UNSEEN,  
LET SQUIRRELS FIND FATNESS IN ITS MEAT,  
BUT IF ALL LIFE SHALL GIVE IT SCORN  
AND ALL THINGS TREAD IT UNDERFEET,  
A TITAN OAK SHALL RISE COMPLETE  
SHELTERING BIRDS THAT GREET THE MORN.



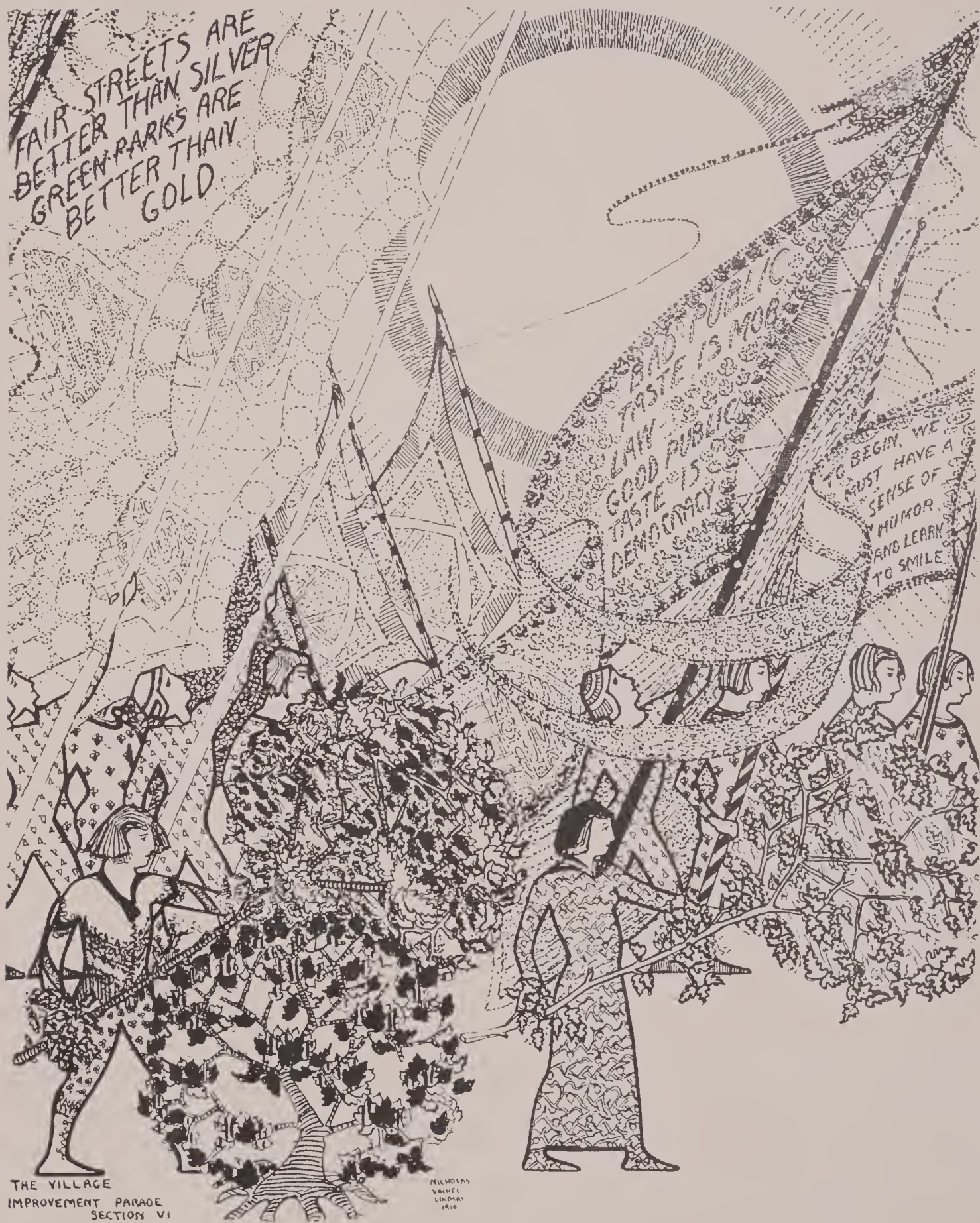




THE VILLAGE  
IMPROVEMENT  
PARADE  
SECTION V..

1916  
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L. M. S. B.  
P. 100





THE VILLAGE  
IMPROVEMENT PARADE  
SECTION VI

NICHOLAS  
VALDEZ  
LINDA  
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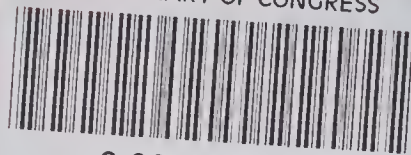








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